

Rapahanoc

NINETEEN TWENTY TWO



Muriel Euliss

Sophomore Class

New High School. Fredericksburg, Va.



Rapahano

VOLUME TWO

1922

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Foreword

THE success of this edition of the "Rapahanoc," student body and teachers of the Fredericksburg High School, is due to you. Your interest and help alone made this edition possible. And we, the editors, hope that every page will bring back a fond memory of what your Alma Mater was during the Session of 1921-22. May the efforts of the staff be not wasted, and may this book prove a treasure to all who possess it.

Dedication

We, the Senior Class of 1922, Do Respectfully
Dedicate This Second Edition
of the Rapahanoc
to
SUPERINTENDENT E. F. BIRCKHEAD
and
MRS. A. P. LINK
Who By Their Faithful and Diligent Service
Have Made This Annual Possible.







FACULTY



MR. A. P. LINK



MRS. A. P. LINK



SUPT. E. F. BIRCKHEAD



MRS. ELSIE A. W. RICE



MISS EUNICE JOHNSON



MRS. ELSIE H. S. WILLIAMS

FACULTY



MRS. D. N. BLAKE



MRS. EMMA O. EULISS



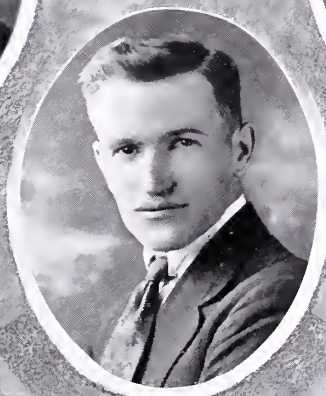
MRS. ELIZABETH COURTNEY



MR. MANGER



MISS. MARY BEVERLY RICE



MR. J. M. STECK



Senior Class

Motto: Nil Desperandum.

Colors: Orange and Garnet.

Flower: American Beauty.

OFFICERS

KATHERINE WAYNE GOULDIN.....	<i>President</i>
ALWYN HUNDLEY, JR.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
ELIZABETH DOSWELL YOUNG.....	<i>Secretary</i>
MARIAN M. WEEDON.....	<i>Treasurer</i>

MEMBERS

Norman Allen	Fannie Davenport	Louise Peyton
Charles Armstrong	James B. Franklin	Allie Pritchett
Rebecca Briggs	Annette Compton	John Ruff
Hilda Brauer	Kate Gouldin	William Russell
Elizabeth Clift	Grafton Greenlaw	Lucy Walker
Doris Carneal	Pearl Huffman	Marian Weedon
W. Jeffries Chewning, Jr.	Alwyn Hundley	Fielding Wilson
Ruth Dillard	Houston Jones	Virginia Williams
Ruby Dillard	Kathryn Hooper	Elizabeth Young.
	Camilla Moody	

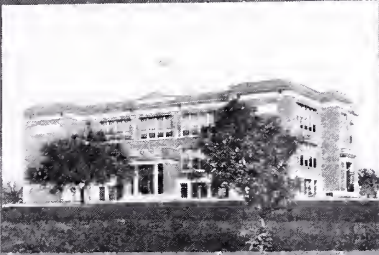


ALWYN HUNDLEY, JR.

"He lives to eat!"

Better known as "Billy" or "Slick" is Star Halfback and Captain of season of '21-'22 football squad, pitcher for baseball team and an all round good athlete and sport. Billy has never been known to worry over anything and although he never established any speed records in handing in parallels, short stories and themes, he got there just the same. "Slick," old boy, we wish you the best of luck and expect great things from you.

Twentieth Century Literary Society, '19-'20; Basket-ball Second Team, '19-'20; Substitute on Baseball Team, '19-'20; Athletic Association, '20-'21; President of Junior Class, '20-'21; Echo Literary Society, '20-'21; Football, '20-'21; Basket-ball, '20-'21; Baseball Team, '20-'21, '21-'22; Track, '20-'21; Assistant Athletic Editor of "Rapahanoc," '20-'21; French Dramatic Club, '20-'21; Vice-President of Senior Class, '21-'22; Vice-President of Athletic Association, '21-'22; President of Senior Literary Society, '21-'22; Captain of Football Team, '21-'22; Basket-ball Team, '21-'22; Captain of Inter-Class Team, '21-'22; Dramatic Club, '21-'22; President's Address, '22.



JAMES BEDELL FRANKLIN

"Let the world wag as it will, I will be gay and happy still"

James, better known as "Ham", is first among the mechanics, first among the sports, first among the "Carpenter" and last to be forgotten. He is popular with everyone in High School and has our best wishes that some day he will become a great mechanic. You carry with you the best wishes of the class of '22.

Vice-President of Twentieth Century Literary Society, '19-'20; Echo Literary Society, '20-'21; Senior Literary Society, '21-'22; Athletic Association, '20-'21, '21-'22.

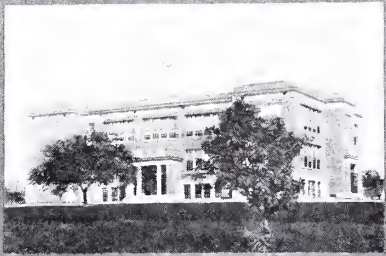


PEARL HUFFMAN

"What's the use of studying when you can pass without it"

Pearl is a girl that you must know to really understand her. You just as well make up your mind when around her to not be sad or gloomy, for she is the kind that will cheer you up, no matter how bad you have the blues. "Laugh and the world laughs with you" seems to be her motto. She is very quick tempered and likes to have her way but her sunny disposition makes her easily brought over.

Twentieth Century Literary Society, '19-'20; Echo Literary Society, '20-'21; French Dramatic Club, '20-'21; Senior Basket-ball Team, '21-'22; Dramatic Club, '21-'22; Senior Literary Society, '21-'22; Athletic Association, '20-'21, '21-'22.



FANNIE ELLYSON DAVENPORT

"Innocence is bliss, Therefore, appear innocent"

Fannie comes to us from Heathsville. She never gets worried about anything, especially about examinations. Fannie hopes to get her A. B. before she stops school and if present indications are right she'll get there. Fannie is a good sport and a good friend. If she once makes up her mind there's no changing her.

Senior Literary Society, '21-'22.

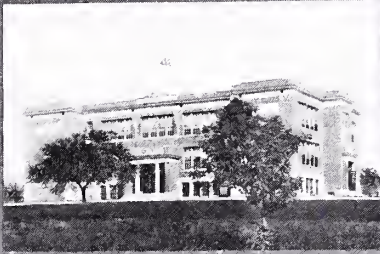


WILLIAM RUSSELL

"If at first you don't succeed try, try again and then fail"

William must love old F. H. S., or rather the class of '22, for he waited a whole year to graduate with our class. William is one who takes life as it comes and never worries over anything. We hope that he will continue to walk with "Pep".

Tennis Club, '22; Athletic Association, '21-'22.



CHARLES ALLEN ARMSTRONG

"Small in size but big in resonance"

The smallest of the senior class but always ready to say something to make someone laugh. He could not be beat at quoting French quotations and as for noise he is right on the job. Charles being the greatest salesman in our class, may some day become a broker. We wish you good luck.

Twentieth Century Literary Society, '19-'20; Echo Literary Society, '20-'21; Athletic Association, '20-'21; Athletic Association, '21-'22; Senior Literary Society, '21-'22.

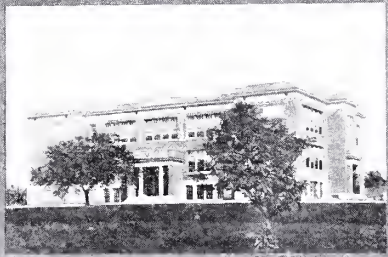


MARY ELIZABETH CLIFT

"Meek, mild and ambitious"

Every morning about 8:45 o'clock you can see Elizabeth riding in from Stafford with the "Wynn". Although Elizabeth lays no claim to outstanding fame she is one of those steady hearted people who is always "there with the goods" at the proper time. Elizabeth never joined us until the fourth year, but she has gained a host of friends and stands true to F. H. S.

Senior Literary Society, '21-'22.



KATHRYN ELLIS HOOPER

"She is a scholar and a ripe and good one"

Behold Kathryn! To know her is to know one who knows and doesn't know she knows. Like most people who shine, she sees herself only as a small dim candle. But everybody knows she isn't even on speaking terms with that dire name "failure". Peep over Kath's shoulder as she reads these words and you will see the modest blushes rise to her cheek even at this mild praise.

Twentieth Century Literary Society, '19-'20; Senior Literary Society, '21-'22.

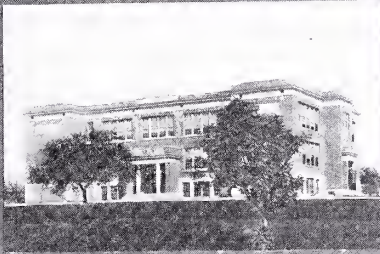


LUCY WALLACE WALKER

"Words, not deeds"

If it takes nerve, get Lucy. If there is anything that any one in school is afraid to do tell Lucy and she'll do it. She is one of the best natured girls in school. You never see her mad. The senior class is proud to have a jolly good sport like Lucy to keep up the spirits of their class. We have no fear for her future, but wish her much success in all her undertakings.

Twentieth Century Literary Society, '19-'20; Echo Literary Society, '20-'21; Athletic Association, '20-'21; Kitchen Orchestra, '21; Senior Literary Society, '21-'22; Latin Dramatic Club, '21-'22.



DORIS CARNEAL

"She who studies long never flunks."

Just imagine Doris flunking on any subject. She is one who is never satisfied with just passing, so always succeeds in getting a high mark. The Sewing Class will lose one of its most diligent and quiet workers when Doris leaves. We know no one who likes "Olives" so well, for she is seldom seen without one. We wish you much success at the Normal next year.

Senior Literary Society, '21-'22; Echo Literary Society, '20-'21; Twentieth Century Literary Society, '19-'20; Latin Dramatic, '19-'20; French Dramatic, '20-'21.



RUTH DILLARD

"It's better to have studied and flunked than never to have studied at all"

Who of the class of 1922 doesn't know Ruth the other twin? From the day she entered High School she has been a never failing source of energy, good will and enthusiasm for any class or school undertaking. Ruth is a new sort of "Jack-of-all-trades", one who succeeds in any undertaking whether it be shooting goals in basket-ball, sewing or laughing. In spite of her love for a good time she can work as hard as she plays and we predict for her a bright future.

Secretary Twentieth Century Literary Society, '19-'20; Echo Literary Society, '20-'21; Kitchen Orchestra, '21; President Athletic Association, '20-'21, '21-'22; President Tennis Club, '22; Senior Literary Society, '21-'22; Varsity Team, '19-'20, '20-'21; Captain Varsity Team, '21-'22; Presentation Senior Class, Senior B.B. Team, '21-'22; Assistant Business Manager "Rapahanoc", '22; French Dramatic Club, '20-'21; Athletic Vaudeville, '21-'22; "13", "P. D. Q." Club, "F" Club, '22.

RUBY DILLARD

"Why go alone, when another can go with you?"

Ruby is one of those "In for everything" sort of people. She possesses the quality that makes whatever she is pushing go. Her inexhaustible "pep" has won her an enviable place in athletics as well as the most famous member of our debating team. You are all right, Ruby, may the F. H. S. develop many more like you.

Twentieth Century Literary Society, '19-'20; Echo Literary Society, '20-'21; Kitchen Orchestra, '20-'21; French Dramatic Club, '20-'21; Athletic Vaudeville, '20-'21; Athletic Association, '20-'21; Basket-ball Team, '20-'21; Manager of Basket-ball Team, '21-'22; Senior Class Team, '21-'22; Athletic Association, '21-'22; "P. D. Q." Club, "13", Tennis Club, '22; "F" Club, '22; President of Senior Literary Society, '21-'22; Wit Editor of "Rapahanoc," '22; Debating Team, '22; Class Poet, '22.

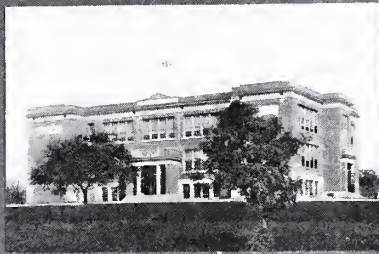


ELIZABETH DOSWELL YOUNG

"A young child in the ways of the world"

Libba is one of the best all round girls in the Senior Class. Bright, attractive and popular. She takes life easy and always has a good time. When ever we hear the expression, "Imagine not passing," we know Libba is near. The first thing we notice about her is her smile. This "Young" senior has a winning personality as well as ability to conquer what ever she attempts. We shall always remember Libba as a bright spot in our class life.

Twentieth Century Literary Society, '19-'20; Echo Literary Society, '20-'21; Assistant Joke Editor of "Rapahanoc," '20-'21; Athletic Association, '20-'21; '21-'22; High School Orchestra, '21-'22; Secretary of Senior Class, '21-'22; Senior Literary Society, '21-'22; Class Historian, '21-'22; Music Editor of "Rapahanoc," '21-'22.



REBECCA WALSTON BRIGGS

"Laugh and she laughs with you"

And by her laughter together with her many fine traits, Becky has indeed won. She is a good sport and is always ready for anything that may come up. When ever there is any fun in school she is in for it, from somewhere comes a giggle and who could it be but Becky? Some times things do not exactly suit her, but she finally comes round all right. But we can assure you that the Senior Class was made much merrier by you being a member.

Athletic Association, '21-'22; Senior Literary Society, '21-'22; Dramatic Club, '21-'22; Class Prophet, '21-'22; Dramatic Editor of "Rapahanoc," '21-'22.



KATHRINE WAYNE GOULDIN

"A lifter—not a leaner—yet a shifter"

We have always wondered why Kate is always so hard to find. The secret of this mystery is her popularity. She is never still but always running around with some one. But you find her most often with a baseball star. But do not understand by this that Kate never studies, for she is the Valedictorian of our class. We suppose the reason must be that she doesn't need to. We wish Kate, that you would give us the secret of your success.

Secretary of Sophomore Class, '19-'20; President of Twentieth Century Literary Society, '19-'20; Vice-President of Echo Literary Society, '20-'21; French Dramatic Club, '20-'21; Secretary of Junior Class, '20-'21; Senior Literary Society, '21-'22; Senior Basket-ball Team, '21-'22; Athletic Association, '21-'22; Tennis Club, '21-'22; President of Senior Class, '21-'22; Business Manager of "Rapahanoc," '21-'22; Valedictorian of Senior Class, '21-'22.

MARIAN M. WEEDON

"She cannot try to look demure, but in spite of all she does, she shows a twinkling eye."

Marian is the Salutatorian, as well as the Editor-in-Chief of the "Rapahanoc". But when it comes to having a good time Marian is right there. She is a good sport as well as a good student. She has been one of our shining stars ever since we launched out from the first grade. And we are expecting great things from Marian when she undertakes her life's work as a "Domestic Science Teacher".

Treasurer of Class, '20-'21; Twentieth Century Literary Society, '20-'21; Echo Literary Society, '20-'21; Kitchen Orchestra, '20-'21; Secretary of Athletic Association, '20-'21; Secretary of Athletic Association, '21-'22; Secretary of Senior Literary Society, '21-'22; Treasurer of Senior Class, '21-'22; Latin Dramatic Club, '19-'20; Athletic Vaudeville Show, '21-'22; Assistant Editor of "Rapahanoc", '20-'21; Editor-in-Chief, '21-'22; "13", Salutatorian of Class, '22; P. D. Q. Club, Cheer Leader, '21-'22.

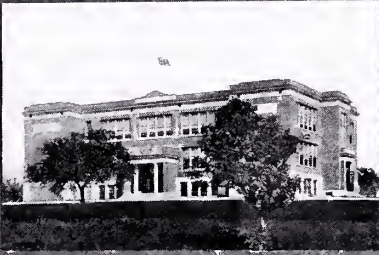


R. L. HOUSTON JONES

"Never do anything in excess"

Houston is one of the quietest and most dignified boys in our class. He does not participate very much in football or basketball but is a first-class athlete. Every morning about half past eight you will hear a Chevrolet drive up and out steps Houston. Never known to be absent from school or to fail on a subject. Good luck, Houston, and may you have great success.

Twentieth Century Literary Society, '19-'20; Echo Literary Society, '20-'21; Track Team, '20-'21; Senior Literary Society, '21-'22; Second Vice-President Hi-Y, '21-'22; Track Team, '21-'22; Athletic Association, '21-'22; Assistant Advertisement Editor of "Rapahanoc", '21-'22.



GRAFTON GREENLAW

"Better late than never".

Mr. Link has just finished calling the roll when the door is softly opened and in creeps Grafton. But all the same Grafton is the best of sports and with his "Buick" is a great favorite of the ladies. He has proven to us that a chair is as easy to sleep in as a bed, especially when studying Civics. We wish you success old boy and may you become a great truck farmer.

Treasurer of Freshmen Class, Echo Literary Society, Latin Dramatic Club, Twentieth Century Literary Society, French Play, Treasurer of Hi-Y Club, Treasurer of Tennis Club, Manager of Tennis Club, Senior Literary Society, Football, '21-'22; "F" Club.





HILDAH BRAUER

"Mails are wonderful"

It's no use, old sport, if "He" throws you a glance from her "windows of the soul" you are sure to go under for the third time. And as for acting, she makes Norma Talmadge take a back seat. Hildah is a good sport and a staunch friend. There will be some broken hearts in F. H. S. when you leave "He" old dear.

Class President, '18-'19; Vice-President Class, '19-'20; Twentieth Century Literary Society, '20-'21; Kitchen Orchestra, '20-'21; Dramatic Club, '21-'22; Vice-President A. A., '20-'21, '21-'22; Tennis Club, '21-'22; Senior Literary Society, '21-'22; Interclass B. B., '21-'22; P. D. Q. Club, '21-'22; '13".

JOHN RUFF

"In the pursuit of knowledge".

What fair girl is this coming to Fredericksburg High School? Why it is "John Ruff" from the Normal School. John is a splendid student and always succeeds in passing her examinations. John's greatest pleasure is to worry Louise Peyton in English class and talk with Jeffries across the aisle, when Mr. Link isn't looking. Everyone wishes for John a bright future.

Member of the "Senior" Literary Society, '21-'22.



MARY LOUISE PEYTON

*"They never taste who always drink,
They always talk who never think"*

When it comes to athletics Lou is right there. When Louise is guarding there is no chance for the forward. Not only in athletics does Louise shine but in her classes as well. She is very fond of bugs, but we fear she is partial to the "ROACH". We do not fear for Louise's future for we know she will always be a success where ever she may go.

Cheer Leader, '21-'22; Basket-ball, '20-'21, '21-'22; Vice-President "F" Club, '22; Tennis Club, '22; Athletic Association, '20-'21, '21-'22; Captain Senior Team (basket-ball), Twentieth Century Literary Society, '19-'20; Echo Literary Society, '20-'21; Senior Literary Society, '21-'22; Sport Editor "Rapahanoc", Athletic Vaudeville, '21-'22; French Play, '20-'21.

ALLIE PRITCHETT

*"Of ambition she has plenty, of brain she
has more"*

Allie is a quiet member of our class. She seldom speaks, but when she does she means business. Allie is a star member of the Second Year Domestic Science Class, and from the looks of the house which she planned and built for her examination she will be an "Architectress." Allie, we wish you a bright future.

Twentieth Century Literary Society, '19-'20; Echo Literary Society, '20-'21; Athletic Association, '20-'21; Senior Literary Society, '21-'22.



CAMILLA MOODY

"She was weighed on the scales of time and found wanting".

Camilla, better known as "Caramel," is one of our Basket-ball Stars, playing center, on the Girls' Varsity Team. Besides being a basket-ball star she is one of our champion debaters, always winning her points in any argument. She can usually convince you if she is allowed to use her hands freely but if the time ever comes when Camilla can not wave her hands she will cease to talk. If such a thing is possible Camilla may be considered as a "man killer".

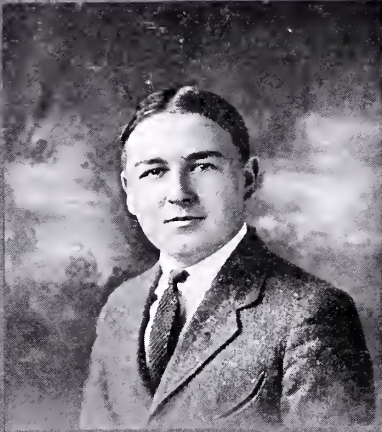
French Play, '20-'21; Treasurer of Girls Athletic Association, '21-'22; Varsity Basket-ball Team, '21-'22; Dramatic Club, '21-'22; "F" Club, '21-'22; Tennis Club, '21-'22; Interclass Basket-ball Team, '21-'22; Debating Team, '21-'22; Social Editor of "Rapahanoc," '21-'22; Athletic Play, '21-'22.

VIRGINIA WILLIAMS

"She was airy, young and gay, and loved to Make a grand display".

Oh, lady why talk you so? There are lots of people who do a lot of talking but few to a purpose as does "Pep". The school knows her as a walking dictionary. All who saw her at the window in the senior play, "Next Door", must realize that we have with us a modern Juliet. Pep is a great athlete but at present she prefers Basket-ball and Rowe(ing).

Basket-ball Team, '20-'21; Basket-ball Varsity, '21-'22; Kitchen Orchestra, '20-'21; Dramatic Club, '21-'22; Tennis Club, '21-'22; "F" Club, '21-'22; Treasurer Junior Class, '20-'21; Secretary Sophomore Class, '19-'20; Twentieth Century Literary Society, '19-'20; Echo Literary Society, '21-'22; Senior Literary Society, '21-'22; Interclass Basket-ball, '21-'22; Art Editor "Rapahanoc," '21-'22; Athletic Association, '20; French Dramatic Club, Latin Dramatic Club.

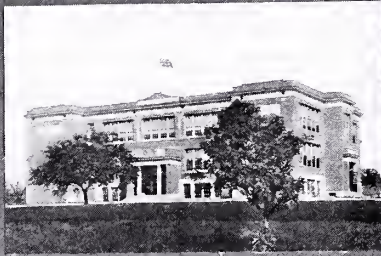


NORMAN EDWARD ALLEN

*"The world hears little from its
worthiest men"*

Norman is a scholar, and gentleman. He is quiet, but all geni are. "Once your friend always your friend". As Courtney, in the Senior play, "Next Door," he was a "real go", and if he makes love off the stage as he does on it, he certainly will be a "ladies' man". Norman's chief aim in life is to be a Medical Missionary and what better aim could any man have?

Twentieth Century Literary Society, '19-'20; Echo Literary Society, '20-'21; Senior Literary Society, '21-'22; Dramatic Club, '21-'22; Advertising Manager of "Rapahanoc", '21-'22.

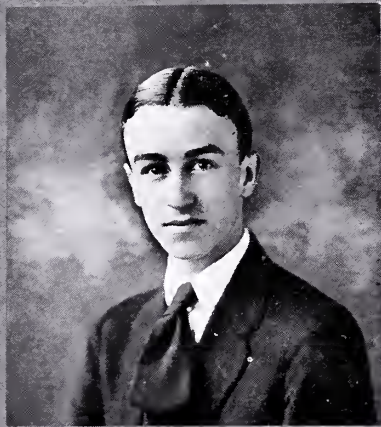


WILLIAM JEFFRIES CHEWNING, JR.

"Dance, woman and song"

"Jeff" is popular with everyone, and especially with the girls. He is full of music and has become famous for beating a drum. He is very fond of numerals, especially "nine". He always keeps his hair slick and shining with "Oil de Brillantine de Rodolph Valentino". Ever since "Jeff" saw Rodolph Valentino in "The Shiek" he has tried to grow side-burns, we wish him success. Jeff's chief aim in life is to take General Perishing's place, keep on working Jeff you're started well.

Treasurer of Twentieth Century Literary Society, '19-'20; Secretary of Echo Literary Society, '20-'21; Member of High School Orchestra, '20-'21-'22; Member of Hi-Y Club, '21-'22; Member of Athletic Association, '20-'21-'22; Senior Literary Society, '21-'22; Tennis Club, '21-'22; Track Team, '21-'22; Assistant Music Editor of "Rapahanoc", '21-'22; Last Will and Testimony, '22; Latin Dramatic Society, '21-'22; Dramatic Club, '21-'22.





Class Evening Program

CLASS SONG	Class
PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS	Alwyn Hundley
SALUTATORY	Marian Weedon
HISTORY	Elizabeth Young
SONG	Class
PROPHECY	Rebecca Briggs
PRESENTATION	Ruth Dillard
CLASS WILL	Jeffries Chewning
POEM	Ruby Dillard
SONG	Class
VALEDICTORY	Kate Gouldin
SONG	Class



F. H. S.

*On the banks of the Rappahannock
And the ancient King's highway.
At the head of navigation
And the tide from Chesapeake Bay,
Stands a city old and honored;
May her shadow ne'er grow less
And the jewel of that city
Is the high school F. H. S.*

CHORUS.

*Hail, Hail, to F. H. S.,
Our own beloved High;
Tho her pathways may be rugged,
We will leave her with a sigh.
In the years before us, her name we'll always bless,
For she's our foster mother—
Our beloved F. H. S.*

*Four square to the winds of heaven;
Four square to truth and right,
May she stand four square forever
Gainst ignorance and strife.
May she ever bear with honor
And her sons and daughters bless,
The flag that flies above her—
Our beloved F. H. S.*



President's Address

AS you all may know, we have gathered here tonight in order to relate our past four years of High School life. The custom of previous classes has been to carry out this programme in a most formal and dignified manner. Our class—one that has maintained a reputation of possessing originality—has met to present these facts to you in an informal atmosphere. We decided to hold a class reunion and to embark upon a voyage. Therefore, I am going to ask you to imagine that you are on a sea of memories with us, during which time we shall endeavor to discuss among our classmates the events that have been, and the incidents that are to be, so that you who are here tonight with us may hear of the trials and tribulations that have befallen our paths since we were Freshmen.

We are not the largest class that has graduated from this institution, but we can truly boast of the fact that we have not fallen below the average in any phase of school life, whether social or scholastic.

As I have said before, our class has been noted for its originality. I think it would be fitting and proper at this time to relate a few instances in which this occurred. It has been customary in the past for the Juniors to give a dance in honor of the Seniors, but because of the rule of the Board of Education prohibiting dancing, our entertainment consisted of a "Class Funeral" and a banquet. Such a radical departure from the usual plan of entertainment illustrates clearly what a great power for good the class of 1922 has always been.

And again tonight we are departing from the usual custom of our predecessors in the presentation of our class evening exercises.

It would be possible to continue indefinitely describing the superiority of this latest graduating class from Fredericksburg High School, but in doing so it would be preventing you from enjoying the remainder of this entertainment, which is of a practically new



style. It represents another, and possibly the last, improvement which the class of 1922 has inaugurated.

It is my great pleasure as President of the class of 1922 to welcome you here tonight as our guests, to enjoy with us our reunion as the programme passes from gladness to sadness—we appreciate the presence of each and every one and extend to all a most cordial welcome.

—ALWYN HUNDLEY, JR.



Salutatory

A FAVORED thought with poets and philosophers is to liken our lives to a voyage upon an unknown ocean, whose farthest shore is eternity. I will adopt their idea tonight and liken our commencement to a voyage upon the sea of life. Our parents, teachers and friends are gathered here tonight to bid us God-speed, for in truth the class of 1922 are launching their barks upon their first real voyage. All the years of infancy were guided by a mother's hands who shaped the timbers that were later fashioned and supported by our honest teachers. Each ship tonight contains timbers that were seasoned in an atmosphere of honest toil. Many lessons have been learned that will guide us through the storms and fogs that will await us, but if we fling aloft the pennant of hope and take with us the compass of truth and honesty, we may christen her "Success." Let us hope that we have learned to row against the tide, not drift with it, for 'tis rowing, not drifting, that makes men and women of us.

We wish to thank both our parents and teachers for their help in the building of our vessel; and trust that at the end of life's journey each member of the class of 1922 may anchor far from the isle of unrest and glide safely within the harbor of peace.

—MARION M. WEEDON.



History of Class of 1922

THE voyage of the class of 1922 began with the launching of our ship, "The Adventure", from Port Frederick, on September 9, 1918. Each passenger boarded the ship with many fears and horrors of the sea, for they that had traveled the same ocean in times past brought back many startling tales of examinations and foreign languages that had to be mastered while on board the ship, and the many hours that had to be spent in the "Brig" for the least offense, such as chewing gum or being disorderly in public.

But these tales did not discourage these adventurous passengers for they had planned and prepared for this voyage, and "SUCCESS" was their aim. With Prof. E. F. Birckhead as Admiral and Mrs. Courtney as the faithful Captain of our group, we sailed forth with ardent hopes into the seas of Algebra, Latin, History, English and Science, with a chance to either "Sink" or "Swim". It required much unusually hard work on the part of the officers to keep these new passengers in order; in fact it was whispered among the officers and crew that the "Freshmen", as we were called, were the worst that had ever been on the ship. But then at first we could not be expected to settle down because we found many conditions that were not to our liking, so we started at once to let others know we were present. Just as we were getting familiar with our surroundings everything was upset by the "Flu" epidemic among the passengers and crew; by this we were forced to anchor and leave the ship, in which we were given one month to be victorious in the battle for "Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness". At the end of this time we were summoned to file into rank, and the rest of that part of the voyage was completed in safety.

The next year we started our voyage again upon the "Adventure" with bouyant hopes, but the old ship soon became unsafe, and we were forced to land and board another, which was called "The



Hopeful". This time we sailed from Port Elementary in a pretty ship but with little room. Our new captain was Mrs. W. N. Blake, who stood for our rights with grim determination. The pleasures aboard this ship were few, but we endured it all, for we were told that this was only a temporary one, and that a new ship was being built, which was strong and comfortable, as well as beautiful, in which we could finish our voyage. Of course we grumbled and complained over our hardships, but that only made it worse, for here we were out upon the Sea of Caesar, which was the roughest one we had yet encountered, and the worst part of it yet was we had to go through this sea from 4:50 to 5:30 in the afternoons. But worst of all, we were calmly riding the Sea of Algebra when along came a big breaker in the form of Geometry, and almost swept us back to Port Frederick, but we were rescued by the worthy assistance of Captain A. P. Link.

As we were nearing the end of our journey for this year we celebrated by a big party, at which the costumes shocked all officers on board, and ever since then we have been confronted by a big sign on the smoke stack, "No Dancing Allowed".

The next year, the wind having blown us back to "Port Elementary", we sailed forth again with flags flying and with hopes of soon reaching our final destination. But we had only been sailing a few weeks when Admiral Birkhead rushed up on deck with his usual composure, saying the old boat was sinking but the long looked for new one was in sight. Of course the excitement was great until we were all landed on board the new ship, which was christened "F. H. S." The next week or two was spent in becoming familiar with our new surroundings, which were very beautiful. The only fault we could find in our new ship was the lack of a gymnasium, for the only gym. we had was Jim Johnson, the steward, who was continually warning us that this was a new boat and was not to be defaced.

On September 12, 1921, we sailed forth from Port Potters Field in F. H. S. on our last voyage. Never before had we felt so great our importance, as now we were termed "Seniors". Captain Rhea



was our guide, but she became *dis-gusted* and *de-parted*. After her departure Captain Link took command, and has guided us ever since. We thought we were experienced sailors by this time, but we had never met such billows as awaited us in our last voyage. There was one ray of hope, and that was our faithful counsellor and friend, Mrs. Link, to whom we always went for advice. Many weary days were spent on deck with Mr. Manger, our physical director, taking our daily exercises, which the officers thought were positively necessary; but through his diligent training many athletes have developed. Mr. Steck, a new officer, also joined us on this voyage, to safely guide us through the Seas of Science and Math.

At last our voyage is nearing its end. Come what may there will be indelibly stamped in our minds pictures of the life we led while here, and this will serve as a solace and a consolation for the bitter thought of separation. To the class as a whole I, as historian, offer my best wishes for the future, and pledge my congratulations in all successes that may come to members of the class of which I am proud to be a member, at the same time sympathizing with the failures that are inevitable in life. In the confectionary assortment of life there are bound to be some bitter sweets, and these enable us to better appreciate the real delights and pleasures of our existence on this earth.

My advice is to keep on and on, in the commendable manner in which this class has at all times comported itself.



Class Prophecy

(All on board ship—Enter Rebecca.)

VIRGINIA: "Well, I'll declare, here's Rebecca. We've all been wondering where you were. What have you been doing since we left ol' F. H. S.?"

RUBY: "Yes, Rebecca, I hear that you are still living on the Avenue keeping your 'Rowe' straight."

REBECCA: "Well, Ruth, how have you been making yourself famous?"

RUTH: "Oh, I have been studying art."

REBECCA: "Yes, I hear you've been running a close second with Coles Phillips."

REBECCA: "Well if here isn't Elizabeth Young."

ELIZABETH: "Yes Rebecca I've at last obtained the position I've always wanted that is Manager of Wrigglers Chewing Gum Factory and now I chew incessantly."

REBECCA: "Really, here is Grafton Greenlaw. What have you been doing?"

GRAFTON: "I've been engaged in business with the Anderson Furniture Co."

REBECCA: "Yes, I thought you always get something with 'Anderson' attached to it."

REBECCA: "Surprised! Why shouldn't I be? Surely this isn't John Ruff?"

JOHN: "Yes, it is I."

REBECCA: "Oh, that reminds me I saw your picture in the *Daily Star* as a bride. 'Mrs. Dean Duncan,' formerly Miss John Ruff."

REBECCA: "Hello Kate, what have you been doing, tell me all about your self?"

KATE: "Why I've been in Arizona for the last five years riding wild western horses preparing to compete with Tom Mix in the great Arizona races."

REBECCA: "Well, Virginia, what have you been doing?"

VIRGINIA: "Oh! I've been on the screen."

REBECCA: "Yes, I hear you've been running a close race with Theda Bara."

REBECCA: "What have you been doing Doris?"

DORIS: "Oh! I've established a beauty parlor next door to Mrs. Chaffer and have won fame in making permanent waves."

REBECCA: "Well, Norman, where on earth have you been?"



NORMAN: "I've been doing Missionary work in China but have accepted a position in the First Christian Church in Falmouth, Va."

REBECCA: "Surely this isn't James Franklin!"

JAMES: "Yes, Rebecca, I managed to close my law office for a period of ten days to take this trip."

RUBY: "Well, James, I don't see how you ever did it. I heard that you defeated Fred Coleman in a murder case recently."

REBECCA: "Lucy, what have been doing for the last five years?"

LUCY: "I've been with the State Mission Board at Richmond and am now Secretary of the Board."

REBECCA: "Well I'll declare if here isn't my ol' buddie Marian Weedon. What have you been doing?"

MARIAN: "I know you will wonder how I ever accomplished such a wonderful achievement?"

REBECCA: "Yes, Marion, I hear that you are head of the Poultry Club at Richmond and that you have grown extremely fond of the so-called 'Henry' work."

REBECCA: "Well, Houston, I didn't expect to see you. What have you been doing?"

HOUSTON: "'Doing.' Why I'm married."

REBECCA: "Yes, I remember of seeing your and Clara's engagement in the 'Society Column' of the *Daily Star*."

REBECCA: "Well! here's ol' Louise, haven't seen you for ages. How have you been living?"

LOUISE: "Becky, I know you've heard of people living like groundhogs, but strange to say I've been living like a 'Roach.'"

REBECCA: "Here's our only poet, Ruby Dillard. What have you been doing?"

RUBY: "No doubt you'll be surprised when I tell you but I have just finished the last of ten volumes of verse. Of course you understand that my subjects range anywhere from zoology to Fairy tales."

REBECCA: "Hildah, from all I've heard recently you've excelled all of us in Domestic Science."

HILDAH: "Yes, I'm Dietitian in the Children's Home in Boston; really it is getting on my nerves because the children don't do one thing but play with 'Dice.'"

REBECCA: "Annette, what have you been doing?"

ANNETTE: "I've become very much interested in the 'Dodd' Life Insurance Co. In fact I'm *so* interested that I hope some day to become a partner."



REBECCA: "Really Fannie, I did not expect to see you back in Fredericksburg."

FANNIE: "Yes, I love this ol' town so well that I sent in my application and will probably be elected supervisor of the training school at 'Doswell Field' next year."

REBECCA: "Here's Alwyn Hundley. Sure am glad to see you. Tell me what you've been doing and where you've been?"

ALWYN: "I've been in search of the 'Fountain of Youth.'"

REBECCA: "Have you found it?"

ALWYN: ".....?????"

REBECCA: "Of all people here's Camilla Moody."

CAMILLA: "Listen, Rebecca, let me tell you ever since I left High School I've been vamping 'Strange Young Men' whom I've known for years."

REBECCA: "Allie, I hear you are married; is it really true?"

ALLIE: "Yes I married a Baptist Minister and we are now preparing to go to China."

REBECCA: "Pearl, where have you been spending your time?"

PEARL: "I've been on an extended visit in California and expect to make my future home on the 'Hancock' ranch."

REBECCA: "Here's my old friend Fielding Wilson. Where have you been?"

FIELDING: "I've been visiting relatives on Mars. Really it is a wonderful country. If any of you ever have the opportunity to take the trip don't fail to do so."

REBECCA: "Elizabeth Clift, what have you been doing?"

ELIZABETH C.: "Oh! I've taken up training as a nurse and have met the C-U-T-E-S-T Little Doctor.....???"

REBECCA: "William Russell, what are you doing here?"

WILLIAM: "I'm janitor on this ship."

REBECCA: "What are you doing back here again?"

JEFFRIES: "Oh! I've been with Paul Whiteman's Orchestra for the past five years, being in circuit 'Ninde' was lucky enough to be sent on this voyage."

REBECCA: Charles, I am surprised to see you. What have you been doing?"

CHARLES: "Oh! I'm chief wireless operator on this ship, in fact have been for the last five years."

"I believe I've spoken to each and every member of the Senior Class of 1922 and I sincerely hope that each of them may do as well in the future as they have in the past."

—REBECCA WALSTON BRIGGS.



Presentation

1. REBECCA BRIGGS.

A box of dates—"To hear Rebecca talk you would think that she never had one of these little things, so I think it would be doing her a great favor to give her a *whole* box.

2. HILDAH BRAUER:

A Dice—"Nuff said."

3. DORIS CARNEAL:

A bottle of Olives—"Doris, we all hope now that you will never be with out your Olive."

4. ANNETTE COMPTON:

A bow of ribbon—"Now, Annette, you won't have to use all your cousin's hair ribbon in your effort to get a bow (beau)."

5. FANNIE DAVENPORT:

A pair of curling irons—"Fannie, I present you these so now rain or shine you can have curls."

6. KATE GOULDIN:

A Bible—"Prepair to be a preacher's daughter."

7. CAMILLA MOODY:

A bottle of home brew—"Camilla, this is just what you need; something to give you a little more *confidence* in your self."

8. LOUISE PEYTON:

A bug—"You all know what kind of a bug this is." Louise it's another Roach, and please treat him as well as you have the last one."

9. ALLIE PRITCHETT:

A foot rule—"Another foot to add to your height."

10. NORMAN ALLEN:

A pair of long pants—"Norman, we hope in the future that you will never have to return to short ones."



11. CHARLES ARMSTRONG:

A bottle of catsup—"Charles, you are so far behind in growth I sincerely hope that this will make you catch up."

12. ELIZABETH CLIFT:

A wind mill—"Elizabeth, this is to help you catch the 'Winn'!"

13. WILLIAM RUSSELL:

A permit—"To walk to school with 'Pep'."

14. PEARL HOFFMAN:

A ladder—"Pearl is always talking about falling off so I will give her this little ladder and I guarantee if she climbs up on it she will surely fall off."

15. RUBY DILLARD:

A laurel wreath—"I crown you poet Laurealete."

16. HOUSTON JONES:

An income tax form—"Houston I give you this income tax form to help you in the future to keep Moody."

17. KATHRYN HOOPER:

An aeroplane—"So you may reach your lofty ideas."

18. FIELDING WILSON:

A doll—"Fielding, here's a girl you can keep."

19. GRAFTON GREENLAW:

A truck—"To run errands for the school so you wont have to wear your Buick out."

20. LUCY WALKER:

A hair pin—"Lucy, I give you this to keep your golden locks from tumbling down."

21. JAMES FRANKLIN:

A rolling pin—"To keep you and the Carpenter from fighting."



22. MARIAN WEEDON:

A Ford—"Marion, I know you will appreciate this Ford as it was made by Henry."

23. JEFFRIES CHEWNING:

A shoe—"Here, Jeffries, is a *Ninde*."

24. VIRGINIA WILLIAMS:

"A bottle of Carter's ink."

25. ELIZABETH YOUNG:

A spoon—"Elizabeth, I give you this spoon, I know you will appreciate it as it is made of Alvin silver."

26. ALWYN HUNDLEY:

A doll—"To you I give this little Young girl."

27. JOHN RUFF:

A horse and buggy—"John, you are always falling out of the truck so I give you this little horse and buggy so you can come to school in safety."

The Last Will and Testament of the Class of 1922

WE, the eminent and distinguished Senior Class of 1922 being of Sound and Fearless mind do hereby will and bequeath the following to the deserving:

To MR. BIRCKHEAD:

1. One room in which to teach Biology.
2. One bottle of ink to supply the fountain pens of the pupils of the school.

To MRS. COURTNEY:

1. One pack of chewing gum.



To MR. LINK:

1. One bank full of money for next year's Annual.
2. One Airship in which to make week-end trips to his home in New York.

To the JUNIOR CLASS:

1. The right to publish a monthly magazine.
2. And to the boys of the class all the offices of the class when they become Seniors.

To MRS. LINK:

1. One Dictaphone to be used in her sewing room to record all scandal and gossip so the same may be published in the Senior Magazine of the next year.

To MR. MANGER:

1. Bottle of "Oil de Brillentine de Rodolph Valentino," guaranteed to keep the hair smooth, slick and shiny.

To MR. STECK:

1. A chemical laboratory thoroughly equipped.

To MISS RICE:

1. A heart that can't be "Broke."
2. One horn that will aid in her blowing.

To MRS. EULISS:

1. A set of maps to be used in her science classes.

To MRS. RICE:

1. A class without Lemuel Houston.

To MRS. WILLIAMS:

1. More wall space in the Language room for pictures and statues to be placed upon.

To MISS JOHNSON:

1. A class with William Russell present.

To MRS. BLAKE:

1. A time clock for students to punch on entering and leaving study hall.

In testimony thereof we set our hands and seal this 25th day of May, 1922.

—WILLIAM JEFFRIES CHEWNING, *Junior*.



Class Poem

I

*The tide of fortune has swept us,
From the first grade to the last;
It is like a play that's ending,
And the Seniors are the cast.
The end is like a tragedy,
Because we all do have to part.
But our love, it is far greater,
Than it was at the very start.*

II

*The scene is laid in the High School,
At the dear old F. H. S.
Of all the schools in this wide world,
She is far dearer than the rest.
Around the school is woven,
The Memories of four short years,
Of all our work and labor,
Of all our trials and fears.*

III

*If only some kind Fairy,
Would just wave her magic wand,
And give us back our Senior Year,
Of which we are so very fond.
Life is real and we must take,
Just what is lotted out to us,
If it's a great or humble task,
Without a single word or fuss.*

IV

*The first act was on Main Street,
In that old historic hotel,
In which our fondest memories,
To us do ofttime seem to dwell.
As Freshmen then we all did say,
Although we are the "Baby" class,
We'll right up to victory,
And win our spurs at last.*



I

*And when we reached our Sophomore Year,
With all its smoke, and snow and ice;
They drove us to the training school,
Which we considered far from nice.
It worked us all so very hard,
We wondered if we were alive;
The hours were awful late and long,
Making us go from eight 'till five.*

II

*The next year, when we were Juniors,
They gave us a brand new school,
To pay them back, we did our best,
To keep each little golden rule.
We were little George Washingtons,
Who said, "I cannot tell a lie";
That's why we got such reputations,
Down in dear old Fredericksburg High.*

III

*And then we came to be Seniors,
That awfully dignified class—
We made the very grandest record,
And every test and exam did pass.
In athletics we did our share,
To give old F. H. S. great fame,
We labored, sacrificed and fought,
To make "SENIORS" a worthy name.*

IV

*But now our Dear Old Alma Mater,
The time comes when we must leave you,
And go out in the world alone,
But never fear, we will be true.
The tears start in our eyes when we
Think of the lonely years ahead—
When each will go his separate way,
Fighting manfully, this sorrow and dread.*

V

*Then next in thought, and next in love
Comes the Faculty, "Our friends in deed";
They taught us and fought for us each day,
And helped us through each trouble and need.
Their kind faces we'll see no more,
Except in our peaceful dreams;
But if they'd look in our hearts
They'd find, love, like radiant sunbeams.*

X

*And then comes our Sister Classes,
The Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen;
Who we leave to finish our tasks,
They'll do it if any one can.
And now little brothers and sisters,
And big brothers and sisters too,
You realize the responsibility,
And the things, we expect you to do.*

XI

*But now its time the play must end,
Father Time is pulling the curtain;
We hope its been a true success—
It's been to us, of that we're certain.
But first we request of you men and women,
And others that we are leaving behind—
Deal tenderly and fairly, with the F. H. S.
And to our Dear Alma Mater be kind.*

XII

*So Farewell, to our Dear Alma Mater,
Farewell, to our teachers so true;
Farewell, to our Sister Classes—
Farewell, for ever and ever, to you.
This is the message we leave to night,
As the Senior Class of '22;
Farewell to every Faithful one,
And to all our Loved ones, ADIEU.*

—RUBY DILLARD.



Valedictory

PERHAPS experience has taught you far better than words can express it, the mingled feelings of joy and sorrow which animate us tonight. Joy because we are about to commence our first voyage on the sea of life. Sorrow because we have come to the cross roads, the parting of the ways. Our feelings of sorrow would be intensified if we allowed these thoughts to exist, that after tonight the associations of the past four happy years must cease, that after tonight we shall never again be united as a class, but henceforth, "Each must paddle his own canoe". But we do not allow these thoughts to engulf us, so joy, not sorrow, predominates. And as we look into the future, with the optimism of youth, and see the vast seas of success rolling on before us, we are eager to begin this voyage.

Tonight many of us, assume for the first time the responsibility of steering our own ships, steering them on towards the various stars of success, shining for us far out upon the horizon of life's great sea.

The majority of us have some purpose in life, some far off star which gives us the incentive to press onward and upward. We have realized to make a success of our lives, we must have a purpose to be kept always in view, for should we fail to have some port towards which to steer our vessels, what can prevent us from drifting with the tide? Drifting on in an idle, worthless, thoughtless way, till we've drifted too far and can never return. Till we've left forever the seas of success and sailed on beyond the line of hope, into the relentless seas of a useless life.

Of course I do not intend to convey the impression that those of our little crew who have set sail with a purpose in view will find the seas all plain sailing, for such is not possible, but they will find strength in their purposes to withstand the storms, and after each



battle with fate on the sea of life, they will renew their efforts with still greater determination to win.

In bidding farewell, I wish to say, if there are any of us who thus far have not selected a star towards which to strive, may we feel it our duty to select a purpose, for it is essential that we,

“Live for something, have a purpose,
And that purpose keep in view;
Drifting like a helmless vessel,
Thou canst ne'er to life be true.

Half the wrecks that strew Life's ocean,
If some star had been their guide,
They would now be riding safely,
But they drifted with the tide.”

To our faculty, who have toiled so patiently to help us, we express our gratitude, and sincerest wishes for a joyful future.

And now fellow classmates, the time has come to bid farewell. May you find all opportunities awaiting you. Let the remembrances of the past four happy years be ever fresh and sweet to look back upon. May prosperity attend each member of the Class of '22!

—KATHERINE WAYNE GOULDIN.



Song

*Dear Alma Mater, 'tis time for us to part,
And we know as we go our tears must start,
Before we leave you, a smile once more you see
And it will always be our treasured memory.*

CHORUS.

*Tho 'tis time for parting, and our tears are starting,
We leave you with a smile.
Tho our hearts may cry, dear, when we say good-bye, dear,
We leave you with a smile.
We know it's forever, so while we're together
A last little while.
For we really must go, so please treat us so we leave you with a smile.*

*Now that our high school days are forever o'er
And we must leave her to come back never more,
We do not wish to leave you our grief in tears,
So we give you a smile to drive away your fears.*

CHORUS.

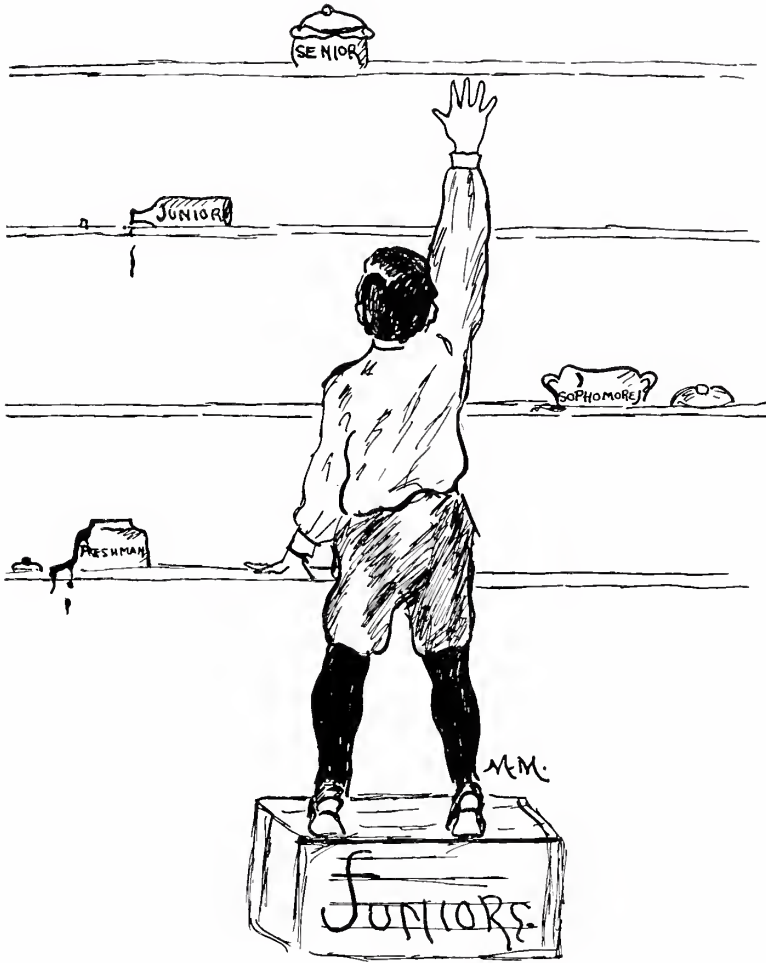


Fredericksburg High School

GRADUATING EXERCISES

Friday, May 26th, 1922

Invocation.....	REV. E. L. SWIFT
Address to Graduates.....	HON. W. H. CRIM
Selection.....	FRANKLIN ORCHESTRA
Presentation of Diplomas.....	MR. JOHN G. HEFLIN
Selection.....	FRANKLIN ORCHESTRA
Presentation of Alumni Medal.....	SUPT. E. F. BIRCKHEAD
Benediction.....	REV. E. L. SWIFT





JUNIOR CLASS



Junior Class

Colors: Red and White.

Motto: "Num quam non paratus".

OFFICERS

PEARL GOLDSMITH.....	President
HELEN HALLBERG	Vice-President
EDITH JANNEY	Secretary
VIRGINIA BISCOE	Treasurer

MEMBERS

John Biscoe	Helen Halberg	Aubrey Peyton
Virginia Biscoe	Edith Janney	Catharine Perry
Inez Burton	Marion Marshall	William Rowe
Esther Chinn	Ada Masters	Mary Rennolds
Hazel Carter	William Morrison	Mason Richards
Kathleen Goodloe	Mary Limerick	Dorothy Walker
Pearl Goldsmith	Nancy Payne	Everett King

JUNIOR PERSONALS

Names	Usual Appearance	Favorite Occupation	Ambition
Jinks	Blue Jersey	Flirting	Own a Buick
John	Blue Suit	Keeping quiet	Be a hermit
Dellie	Short Pants	Playing ball	Become a 2nd Babe Ruth
Pilk	Middy Suit	Talking and laughing	To write Fountain of Youth
Nance	Curls	Auto riding	To reduce
Tish	Curly hair	Falling in love	To elope
Gumplin	Specks	Supervising	Teach Domestic Science
Bill	Looking mad	Fussing	To be chief kicker
Limberger	Blue dress	Debating	To be a lawyer
Mary	Short dresses	Stealing red paint	To be a musician
Inez	White sweater	Trying to pass book-keeping	To be a bookkeeper
Ada	Looking little	Driving her car	To grow up
Pearl	Looking big	Reading	To be an elocutionist
Hazel	Looking demure	Being quiet	To pass on Physics
Kathrine	Lank and leany	Studying Math	To teach Math
Shake	Short and fat	Flirting with Easter	To be Shakespeare II.
Easter	Red sweater	Playing ball	To make all goals
Everctte	In need of a hair cut	Acting smart	To ask the most questions
Dorothy	Looking neat	Gossiping	To tell news first
Mason	Looking blue	To be big	To grow fat
Helen	Spit curls	Cooking	To fix table for luncheon



Junior Class History

IN the memorable fall of 1919, after seven long years of hard work, we entered High School as Freshmen.

Mrs. Courtney was our first class teacher, and helped us to solve the many perplexing questions which confronted us in this new world.

We had started to school in Hotel Frederick but before we had adjusted ourselves to our new surroundings we were moved to the Elementary School. Here to our great consternation we were made to go to school from twelve-thirty until five-thirty in the afternoon.

During this year we made our reputation in athletics which we have never lost. "Tiny" and "Jebby" became stars in Basketball, and since then Esther and Katharine have made themselves famous. Besides many of our boys have made expert football and baseball players.

Being Freshmen, we did not realize the great seriousness of being High School students, so that our first mid-term examinations came on us unawares and caused many of us to wish we were back in the grades again.

However, when we assembled again in 1920 as Sophomores, under Mrs. Blake, we had all decided that High School was not so bad after all. We were compelled to start in the Elementary School again, but this time it did not seem so hard as we were looking forward to soon being in our new High School building.

Our hopes were not in vain, and late in the fall we moved into our much needed and long dreamed of High School. This building seemed especially fine to us after suffering from so many inconveniences and was greatly appreciated by both teachers and students.

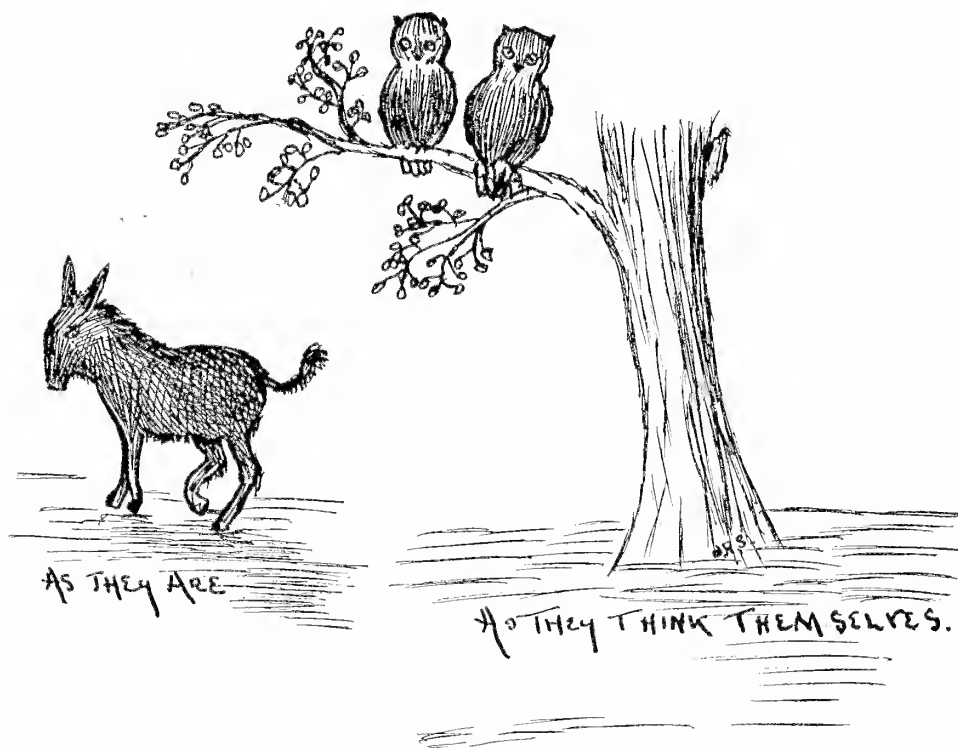
When we next met as Juniors we found our number greatly diminished. Many of our former class mates had fallen behind while others had left us and started to the Normal School. But we were fortunate in having Mrs. Courtney again for our class teacher.

This has not, however, been an uneventful year. The first great event occurred the last part of December when amid the excitement of Christmas holidays and mid-term examinations Miss Rhea left us to start to school in Tennessee. The second was the coming of Mr. Link to take Miss Rhea's place. Since then we have spent our leisure hours in studying the essay, and the Wallace Library is always full of High School boys and girls seeking information on English.

But we are all looking forward to meeting again next year in the class we have long worked to reach, and being called by the dignified name of "Seniors".

—EDITH JANNEY.

SOPHOMORE





SOPHOMORE CLASS



Sophomore Class

Motto: Excelsior.

Colors: Blue and Gold.

Flower: Pansy.

OFFICERS

FRANCIS GOULDMAN	<i>President</i>
ELIZABETH PAYNE	<i>Vice-President</i>
CARTER ROWE	<i>Secretary</i>
ANNE H. SHEPHERD	<i>Treasurer</i>

MEMBERS

Geraldine Anderson	Grace Levy	Kenneth Dice
Margaret Brewer	Ada Masters	Richard Decker
Belle Bennett	Kemper Miller	Cephas Freeman
Elsie Baker	Mabel Owens	Lynwood Garrett
Mary Carpenter	Elizabeth Payne	Edward Gouldin
Vivian Cussons	Ernestine Payne	Francis Gouldman
Elizabeth Cross	Grace Purkins	Harold Green
Josie Carneal	Anne Shepherd	Henry Genther
Arnedar Ellis	Grace Satterwhite	Winfield Jones
Susie Embrey	Florence Scott	Theodore Kidwell
Muriel Euliss	Audrey Stevens	Thomas Morrison
Anna Green	Margaret Tinder	Leslie Mountjoy
Virginia Gouldman	Sara Wilcox	Carter Rowe
Susie Greenlaw	Rose Young	Edgar Stevens
Clara Huffman	Shelby Arritt	Wheeler Thompson
Helen Hearn	Andrew Bolling	Horton Vandenburg
Alice Heflin	Franklin Coates	Carroll Walker
Bertha Harris	Willie Curtis	John Billingsley.



Sophomore Class History

OH yes, we have a history and we have good reasons to feel proud. Just read over the history of the Freshmen Class of 1920-'21, in last year's annual and you'll find where most of us have received our source of knowledge.

During the Freshman year we withstood the taunts of the other classes of the High School and in the autumn of 1921 we, the detested "rats", returned to school as Sophomores.

Can anybody express the joy of calling somebody else a "rat"?

Although our ranks grew thinner last year we enlisted new companions and classmates this year until at present our class is fifty-two strong.

We have tried to display our brilliancy not only in our classes but also in athletics. In this most of us are conceited enough to think we have succeeded.

Our Faculty, self-sacrificing, always has helped us faithfully thru this "terrible" Sophomore year. For doing so we ask they be awarded one "Polar Bear" and a bag of salted peanuts.

During this school year three changes have been made in our Faculty. Miss Rhea left Christmas to take up higher English work in a University. Mr. Link, our Math. teacher of last year, returning to teach English. Just after Christmas Miss Britian, our commercial teacher, after considering the very serious subject, matrimony, became Mrs. Sharp, leaving a vacancy which was filled by Miss Johnson, another teacher of last year.

The Monitor system, for the study hall, having been tried out, the School Board brought back, to the delight of all, Mrs. Blake.

Now, after this year of trials and tribulations, pleasures and successes, study and play, laughter and tears, the curtain must fall on Act II of our High School life.

After the interlude of "dear old summer time" may we all return to play a part in Act III—Juniors.

—MURIEL IONE EULISS.



“The Sophomores”

*While passing through the Hall of Fame
I saw the name,
And wondered how it there came;
What valiant deed had they done?
What great race had they won?
That they should place their name
In the Hall of Fame.*

*Still mystified, I turned for information
To one who stood by my side;
I asked, do you know?
Can you enlighten me
Concerning this mystery?
And tell me how it came, this name,
In the Hall of Fame.*

*“Yes,” said he, “listen, and you
Shall hear the history,
The name which you see is heralded from yonder world;
It tells of ambition, and of hope,
And, even of despair on life’s rugged slope;
Along the trail, you will find those who failed,
But those who overcame, brought the name
To the Hall of Fame.”*

*“I, myself, am a Sophomore,” he said,
And pride in the face could be read;
“Excelsior” is our motto, which means
Still higher we must go.
If we could be worthy of the Gold and Blue,
There are yet great things we must do,
If we would deserve the name that came,
In the Hall of Fame.*

—A FRIEND.



This Hitteth the Nail on the Head

GERALDINE ANDERSON:

"Her locks are like the sunset".

BELLE BENNETTE:

"An easy mark for Cupid's darts".

ELIZABETH CROSS AND FRANCES CARPENTER:

"Yet we do not fall on the neck nor kiss when we come together".

VIVIAN CUSSONS:

"My school is one dem'd, horrid grind".

JOSIE CARNEAL:

"Might have gone further and have fared worse."

ARNEDAR ELLIS:

"Her tresses bear a ruddy glow".

SUSIE EMBREY:

"Even tho' vanquished, she would argue still".

MURIEL EULISS:

"Late to bed and early to rise makes a student unhealthy (?) but exceedingly wise".

ANNA PAIGE GREEN:

"Her eyes, dark charmed were vain to tell".

VIRGINIA GOULDMAN:

"And she did giggle; my, how she did giggle".

SUSSIE GREENLAW:

"More than over shoes in love".

CLARE HOFFMAN:

"Work is the best policy".

HELEN HEARN:

"Fashioned so slenderly, young and so frivolous".

ALICE HEFLIN:

"A model young lady, never late (?) for school".

BERTHA HARRIS:

"So far, so good".



GRACE LEVY:

"A sweet attractive kind of grace".

KEMPER MILLER:

"The best ware comes in small packages".

MABEL OWENS:

"It is better to have tried and flunked, than never to have tried at all".

ELIZABETH PAYNE:

"It is the mind that makes her rich".

ERNESTINE PAYNE:

"What is to be done?"

GRACE PURKINS:

"Sweet tempered and slender (?)"

ANNE HARRISON SHEPHERD:

"Her mind doth contain infinite riches in a little room".

GRACE SATTERWHITE:

"On the same road but with different pace—'Graduation'".

FLORENCE SCOTT:

"With a small, still voice".

AUDREY STEVENS:

"True is her song".

MARGARET TINDER:

"I live in hope—Caesar".

SARA WILCOX:

"Fluttering, smiling and flirting".

ROSE YOUNG:

"She would talk and talk and talk and talk".

SHELBY ARMITT:

"Too young and infantile to be away from mother".

ANDREW BOLLING:

"Wanted—A good hair dye".

FRANKLIN COATES:

"To flunk is human"

WILLIE CURTIS:

"Wisdom withers when he withdraws".

KENNETH DICE:

"If at first you don't succeed, try, try again".

RICHARD DECKER:

"How changed from what he once was".



CEPHAS FREEMAN:

"Live easy".

LINWOOD GARRETT:

"Where baseball is, there am I".

EDWARD GOULDIN:

"I am not in the role of common men".

FRANCIS GOULDMAN:

"The greatest are sometimes caught napping".

HAROLD GREEN:

"He will be pretty when his face comes in fashion".

HENRY GENTHER:

"Went in one ear and came out the other".

WINFIELD JONES:

"Perhaps he'll grow".

THEODORE KIDWELL:

"I should worry".

CARTER ROWE:

"My kingdom for the right French book".

THOMAS MORRISON:

"See mortals born to sleep their lives away".

LESLIE MOUNTJOY:

"Our books consumed the midnight oil?"

EDGAR STEVENS:

"One vast substantial smile".

WHEELER THOMPSON:

"Here I am—here I seem to stay".

HORTON VANDENBURG:

"Your wisdom has suffered shipwreck in Caesar".

CARROLL WALKER:

"Oh what a laugh!"

JOHN BILLINGSLEY:

"And Saul stood head and shoulders above the multitude".

THE SCHOOL

In the sky a bright star glitters,
And its light shall ever shine,
For this star is our F. H. S.
And we bow before her shrine.



CLASS

We were not born to bloom unseen.

THE ANNUAL

This is a book,
Where men may read strange matters.

FACULTY

MRS. BLAKE:

"She has two eyes in the back of her head that even stay open when she goes to bed."

MR. MANGER:

"A tower of strength for F. H. S."

MRS. RICE:

"Her bark is worse than her bite".

MISS RICE:

"Love is the beginning, the middle, the end of everything".

MRS. EULISS:

"She'll show us how divine a thing a woman may be made".

MRS. COURTNEY:

*"A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort and command".*

MRS. LINK:

"A jollier woman I ne'er spent an hour with all".

MR. LINK:

"Whose body lodges a mighty mind".

MRS. WILLIAMS:

"Earth's noblest thing, a woman perfected".

MISS JOHNSON:

"A daughter of the gods divinely tall and most divinely fair".

MR. STECK:

"A man's the noblest work of God".

MR. BIRCKHEAD:

*"So others shall take patience, labor to their heart and hand, from thy hand
and thy heart and thy brave cheer".*



Senior-Junior Party

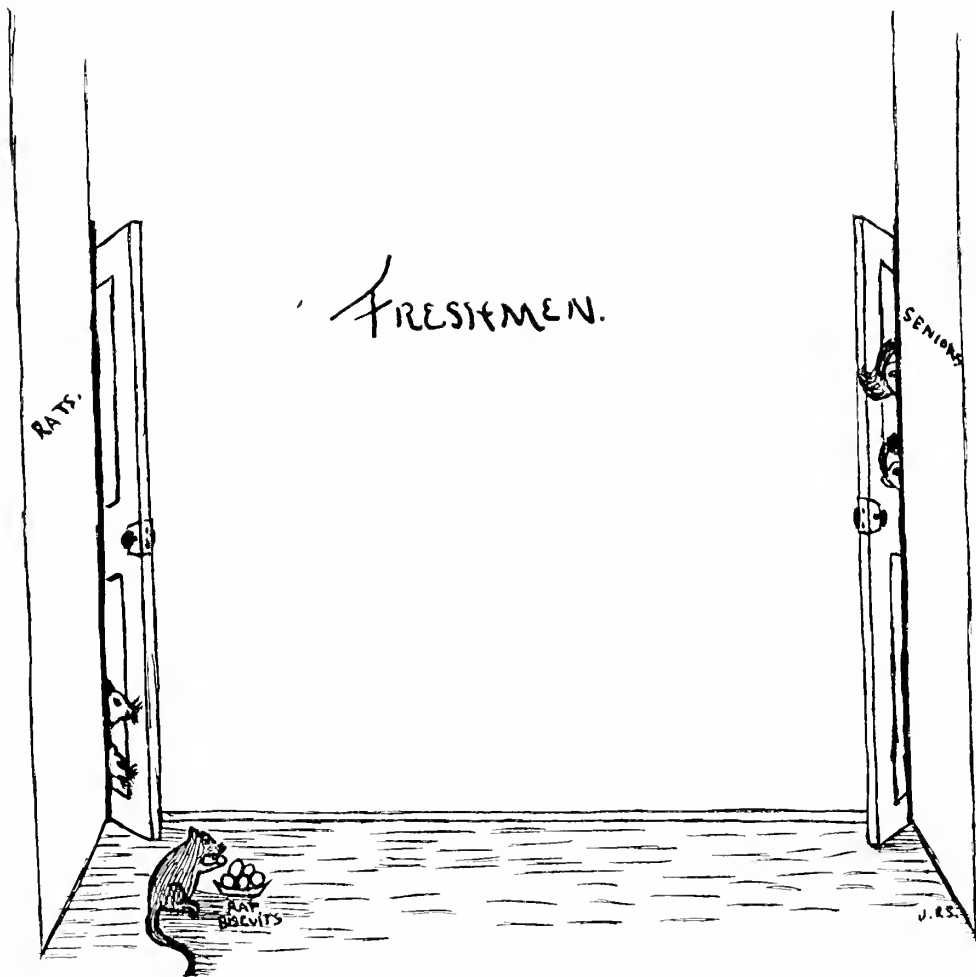
ON the night of February 10th the Juniors were guests at a "thoroughly enjoyed by all" Valentine Party, given by the Seniors. Everyone assembled in the corridor of our High School until all were present. Then the doors to the Study Hall were opened and we entered. The long tables of the Hall were arranged, each with a number and a game such as "Dominoes," "Old Maids," "Authors," "Checkers" and "Parcheesi". On a little table near the door was a small box with tiny red hearts, all with a number to a table which had the number corresponding to that on his heart, and there was a partner for him. There were four at a table and the winning couple moved to the next table. Mr. Link had a small alarm clock and every ten minutes it would ring, a signal for the winners to move. Even the Faculty or better Chaperons indulged in these games. Mrs. Courtney liked the "Old Maid" table so well that she just could not leave it and Mr. Steck was quite enthused over the "Dominoes".

After we had finished "progressing" we proceeded to a feast in the basement in couples, those being partners who had last played together. We filed into the cooking room and there we found a most original and delicious cafeteria supper. The color scheme of orange and garnet was carried out, these being the Senior Class colors. The girls placed the refreshments upon the trays which the boys carried.

Having finished "collecting" we took seats in the hall. Looking over our refreshments we discovered sandwiches, Presbyterian pudding, orangeade, a lemon in which there was a stick of candy, cakes and lastly a candy boutonniere, as souvenirs. It was very comical to look around and see everyone puffing and sucking on a stick of candy, working so hard to force the lemon juice through.

Our new piano was played and everyone tried their best at singing, until suddenly "Home Sweet Home" was played and so we left for home, after a most enjoyable evening.

VIRGINIA BISCOE.





FRESHMAN CLASS



Freshman Class History

IN 1904 the class which is now First Year High met for the first time in Miss Keims' room. Those assembled were: Vance Dannehl, Webster Sullivan, Dorothy Boulware, Casey Armstrong, Julia Trolan, Blanche Russell, Virginia Melton, Charles Hunter, Fitzhugh Rowe, Lothar Dodd, Duff Green, Warren Farmer, Emmett Thompson, Charles Powell, Wirt Shelton, Thomas Payne, Wilfred Embrey and Bettie Billingsley. This group has managed to stick together as far as First Year High School.

In the second grade only two joined us. They were: Helen Van Denberg and Stuart Leshner, who are very good students.

When we went back to school in 1916 six new members were enrolled for the year. These were: Elizabeth Cadot, John Stone, Edna McGaha, Mary Dunn, Alice Scott and Fanny Scott.

Three cast their fate with us in the fourth grade. They were: Nellie Herndon, Grace Dunnington and Evelyn May.

In the fifth grade Marian Reid, Virginia Stevens and Josephine Fisher came to us.

We went on to the sixth grade and found the following classmates: Louis Armstrong, Donald Whitbeck, George Bowie, Fleming Ray, Sarah Orrock and Lemuel Houston.

Last year the seventh grade was made the Junior High. A few were added to the original group, Trueman Carneal, Robert Kilian and Thelma Moody.

Last year a cloud was cast over our class by the sudden death of Wilfred Embrey.

This year there were twenty-four new scholars to enroll: Edgar Bernard, Alton Embrey, Alex Gayle, Richard Hallberg, Charlie Hooper, George Morris, Samuel Perry, Robert Sale, Maude Berry, Elizabeth Cropp, Jennie Garrett, Helen Perticone, Marguarite Williamson, Pearl Barr, Edwin Ashleigh, Newton Bourne, David Burton, H. F. Crismond, Jr., Edward Harrison, Randolph Satterwhite, Alvin Fitzhugh, Harry Dillion, Catherine Minor and Agnes Silver.

We wish to call attention to two Freshies—both from the country—Agnes Silver, from Spotsylvania, who has averaged 100 on conduct and from 98 to 100 in her studies; Harry Dillion, coming from King George in his flivver every morning, is a splendid all round athlete, and our handy man. "Call on Harry if you need help."



The first troubles of the Class in High School were Latin and Algebra. These subjects for sometime were mysteries to most of the class. Finally, owing to the natural brilliance of the students and the close attention to the teachers, for which this class is famous, the paths of knowledge soon became like an open book.

Last Fall at the Hallowe'en party, which the class gave, the study hall was gaily decorated. Nearly everyone had on Hallowe'en costumes that kept everybody guessing who was which and which was who. We spent most of the time playing wink and dancing "The Virginia Reel". About 9 o'clock refreshments were served. The boys were mainly interested in finding out how many plates of ice cream could be gotten without discovery. The party was a "howling" success and everybody had a fine time.

At the end of the first term many friends were torn apart by the ability for flunking, which was the fate of many bright pupils. There were many trials and tribulations after the "exams" because of the "conflicks" which were always staring you in the face.

At the beginning of the year Marian Scott left us to go to Washington to a Catholic School. This we are very sorry to say broke up the "Scott Trio", but there are two left who are trying to see which can get the highest marks.

Just before Xmas Marian Reed became tired of our cold, little city and went way across the ocean to a hot climate, Honolulu, where her father is stationed.

We have organized a girls' basket-ball team which has been very unlucky. We have not won a game yet, but we are going to get there after awhile. With only an out door court to play on we cannot make much headway.

Thus endeth the chronicle of our First Year. We have done little this year, but look out for us next year and the years to follows.

—BETTIE BILLINGSLEY,

—THOMAS PAYNE.





FRESHMAN CLASS



History of the Class

IN 1915 we assembled for the first time. We were divided into two groups, one taught by Miss Perrin, and one by Miss Keim. The two groups together were composed of Starvos Calmos, James Biscoe, Rebecca Leacock, Alma Fines, Dora Farmer, Charles Snellings, Raymond Sale, Vivian Jones, Willard Layton, Edwin Sullivan, Everett Cole, Edith Boulware, Brawner Bolling, Dorothy Jones, Sidney Snellings, Louise Garnett and Bernard Stone. These have been promoted every year, while others have been left behind.

William Brown and Nannie Goodloe joined us in the second grade, bringing our number to twenty.

In our third grade we added to our group Margaret Garth and E. B. White.

With the opening of school in 1918 Frances Thornton, Carrol Woodard, Nancy King and Katherine Stoffregen came to us.

Edith Larkin, Pauline White, Evelyn Stevens, Alvin Favill, Francis Orrock and Robert Stevens were added to our group in the fifth grade.

Seven new pupils answered to roll call in our sixth year. They were, Frances Lightener, Martha Cable, James Southall, Lillie Harry, Evelyn Moody, Virginia Tompkins and Elizabeth Chesley. We thus acquired our second Elizabeth.

Carrol Woodard left us at the end of the sixth grade going to Warrenton. He entered again at the middle of the seventh grade.

Virginia Pancoast, Clem Sale, William Stevens, Ruth Heflin, Willard Allison, Goldie Kidwell, Robert Tompkins, Arnedra Sullivan, Willard Downs, Laura Molter, Francis Hicks, Frances Ray, John Maker, Mildred Sacery, Julia Brewer, Harold Brown, Clara Freeman, Archer Brown and Helmet Pepmire entered our class, bringing our number to fifty-eight.

One of the most important events in our school life was coming to the new High School. We like the High School very much, but at first it was hard to get accustomed to changing teachers, etc.

We defy any class to beat us in having more pupils with the same name than we have. We have Franc (i or e)s, Hicks, Thornton, Orrock, Lightener, Ray, Willard Layton, Downes and Allison.

We met our first examinations this year, and we should not like to tell the results of the meeting.

James Biscoe has from the time he began school, been one of our best speakers, and coming to the High School has not stopped his speeches. Francis Orrock is still our "10 o'clock scholar", having been tardy sixteen times in one month.

We all hope to get promoted to the First Year High, but looking at our examination marks, we doubt it.

—BERNARD STONE.



Ivan

YES," concluded mother, folding my letter and replacing it in the envelope. "Yes, I believe you had better go to the house party; Colonel Nevil and your father used to be great chums when they were boys, and though I've never met him, I've heard he is a splendid man."

I made no reply to this verdict, but went slowly to my room, took the letter from my pocket and reread it. It was from Sally Nevil, the only child of the wealthy and prominent Colonel Nevil. She wanted me to be one of her guests at a house party, and she reminded me of my promise to visit her, given in Washington the summer before, where I had met her. I knew nothing of the rest of the family, of course, as I had never seen them, but her mother joined her in the invitation, so I supposed it was all right, at least mother said it was. But I didn't want to go, I never cared for rich, formal, and extremely fashionable society, and I had no desire to spend ten days in it. But mother said I should go, and that settled it.

At last the day of my departure came; 10:30, Friday morning, found me at the railway station, properly attired for traveling, in charge of two suitcases, my bull-terrier, "Sketer," a box of candy, some flowers, and several magazines (for "Socks" had come to see me off), besides numerous directions about tickets and dignity.

Sally met me at "South Bend" Station in a high-powered roadster, and appeared overjoyed to see me, though I had no idea why.

"Oh," she bubbled, "It's just too splendid of you to come, father and mother are charmed, and my guests—they're all so excited. I've given them such a glowing description of you, and oh! I've got such a wonderful surprise for you! It's just too good to keep!"

And with that she began to drive her car in a most reckless and rapid manner, while I smiled and told her how glad I was to be there, what a nice trip I'd had, and that I was sure that I was going to have a wonderful time.

Just about this time we came to the foot of a hill, on top of which stood a magnificent brick mansion, surrounded by great trees. The place was charming, and looked just as I imagined the old manor houses of England looked. There was an extensive lawn about the house, used also for tennis and golf.

As we drew near, the massive white pillars of the porch, the palms, the ferns, hammocks, cushions and swings, together with the number of idle people, caused me to believe it was some hotel. But as we reached the gate, Sally turned in, and swung up the drive.

"Here," she announced quietly, "is where I live; I hope you'll like it—but it *is* tiresome."



"You live here!" I almost shrieked, but I caught myself in time to add, in a bored tone, "Why, yes, I think I shall like it; it is quite attractive."

At this moment we reached the house, and a bevy of people came out to meet us. I was formally introduced, and we exchanged the usual greetings. They were a widely different bunch, and I became so confused under my set smile, newly acquired sweet voice, and dignity, that I could have embraced the maid who came to show me to my rooms.

Once there, I seated myself in my elegant surroundings, and tried to see how many names I could remember, the only one that I had the slightest recollection of was a titled somebody, who pronounced all his words as if they ended with an "h." Later I found out this little Englishman was the "wonderful surprise."

Well things went fine for the first few days, I learned everyone's name, and Col. and Mrs. Nevil were lovely to me, but I felt dreadfully unsophisticated, the rest of the guests did everything better than I did, and I wished that something would turn up that I could do to make them "sit up and take notice." Though I knew they must think me green, I could never have discovered it from their attitudes. They were such a tactful bunch. At last my opportunity came, just two days after I'd promised Sally to remain a few days longer.

One evening, just before dinner, we were all seated in the library, when the Col. suggested we all take a horseback ride the next morning.

"But," he added, "if you all go some one will have to ride "Ben," as there are only eight saddle horses on the place."

"Who'll ride him, father?" protested Sally. "He hates men, and of course he isn't safe for the girls."

"What's the matter with Ben?" I asked.

"Matter!" stormed the Colonel, "Why not only is he the handsomest and best saddle horse in the State, but he is the meanest piece of horse flesh I have ever laid eyes upon. He's thrown or tried to throw every man on this place. He's practically worthless to me, and but for his beauty I'd sell him—no one dares use him."

Dinner was announced, and the horses were forgotten.

The next morning the saddle horses were brought up to the porch by the grooms. They were all fine animals, spirited but perfectly trained. The last one was a black, tall and slender, magnificently formed, with a white face and flashing eyes, clean limbed as a gazelle. Prancing, pawing, chaffing the bit, the black was brought around by Bill, a huge mulatto, who succeeded in holding "Ben" to the ground. I thought the horse looked familiar, and imagine my surprise, as he drew nearer, to recognize the black colt I had trained in Virginia. I couldn't believe my eyes, and I was just getting over the shock, when a voice announced at my elbow, "That's 'Ben,' the black; come down and have a look at him. Bill has him securely."



It was the Colonel who spoke, and we walked down to where "Ben" stood. Cautiously I approached "Ivan," as "Ben" was known to me, and stretched out my hand.

"Ivan," I said, too low for the Colonel to hear me, "Ivan," old boy." He pricked up his ears, whinnied softly, and stretched out his head towards me.

"Look out!" screamed the Colonel; "he'll tear you to pieces!"

The others had now arrived and I joined them.

"Bally fine horse," drawled the titled Englishman. "Say, old top," addressing the Colonel, "do you mind if I ride him?"

"Oh, no," assured the Colonel, "only you had better take him to a pile of straw, the ground about here is very hard."

But with a confident smile, the Englishman approached "Ivan," seized the pommel and swung into the saddle.

"Ivan" plunged and reared, but Bill kept him under control.

The others did not mount, only waited, nervously expectant.

The Englishman settled himself in the saddle, and I saw at once that in spite of his small size and feminine looks, he knew how to ride a horse.

"All right, ole top," he drawled, "let him go, I have him."

The negro released his grip on the bridle. "Ivan stood perfectly still for a second, then he humped his back, stiffened his legs and began to buck, and when "Ivan" began to buck things *used* to come off him. The girls screamed and the Colonel swore. "Ivan" took two stiff jumps and bucked with such ferocity that the poor, brave, little Englishman, who had kept his seat so well, was hurled through the air, and fell in a heap on the sod. The frightened crowd flew to his aid but he wasn't hurt, only a bit shaken up and rather dazed.

Bill had now recaptured "Ivan" and the Colonel swore the horse should be shot.

"Please, Colonel," I said, coming forward, "let me ride him first."

The Colonel looked at me and rubbed his eyes and looked again.

"Very well," he said, "bring him here, Bill."

The astonished fellow led the horse up and renewed his grip on him. I went up to "Ivan" and started to mount, the girls protested violently, and declared I should not do it. The Colonel had no idea I was serious and grasping my arm he forced me to leave the horse.

"But just let me sit on his back," I begged. "Bill can hold him—*please*."

"Well, you may do that but you shall get off at once," grudgingly said the Colonel.

As I stepped up to "Ivan" and jumped in the saddle, everybody looked just as if they had expected me to be thrown clean out of North Carolina.



"Let go that horse's head," I demanded the negro in a low voice, "I can ride him. I broke him."

The negro meekly obeyed, the girls screamed and hid their faces, the men dashed forward, but too late, at a word from me, and a little pull on the bridle rein "Ivan" plunged, reared forward as I had taught him years before, and cantered off briskly down the drive.

After driving to the gate I turned "Ivan," rode back to the little group and remarked:

"Colonel, you have a fine saddle horse here. I suppose you are very proud of him?"

Every one crowded about about, eager to congratulate me. The Colonel was dumfounded, and I didn't give him time to reply.

"May I try to put "Ben" through his gaits for you?" I asked, and taking the request as his consent, I rode "Ivan" for quite a while. He went through every one of his old saddle gaits like the perfect gentleman he always was with me. Then at my request, Bill put up the hurdles and "Ivan" jumped to his heart's content. He was really a wonderful horse, and his splendid action was highly appreciated.

At last I stopped. "Ivan" was tired and I fancied they all thought me possessed. So, riding up to my audience, I reined in "him" and said, "I feel that I owe you all an explanation, although it's going to spoil everything to tell you." "Ben," or rather "Ivan," as he is known to me, used to be my saddle horse. Father sold him to a fancy horse dealer when I went away to school. I don't know why, but he has always hated men, but a woman can handle him with perfect safety, he is just an ordinary horse if ridden by a girl; so you see," I added, "I'm really no heroine, only a bunch of deceit."

"Ivan," said the Colonel, "is too fine a horse to be ruined; please accept him with my compliments. You deserve him, and no sensible person will ever ride him again."

Smilingly I thanked the Colonel and declined, for you see "Ivan" had thrown Dad just before he sold him, and Dad never would allow me to ride a horse that "*could throw him* if he knew it."

Of course, the rest of my stay was wonderful. I became a heroine and I really regretted leaving "Ivan."

Sally has written me to spend this summer with her, and she adds in the post-script: "Dad still keeps 'Ivan, the terrible,' for you. S. N."

KATHERINE WAYNE GOULDIN.

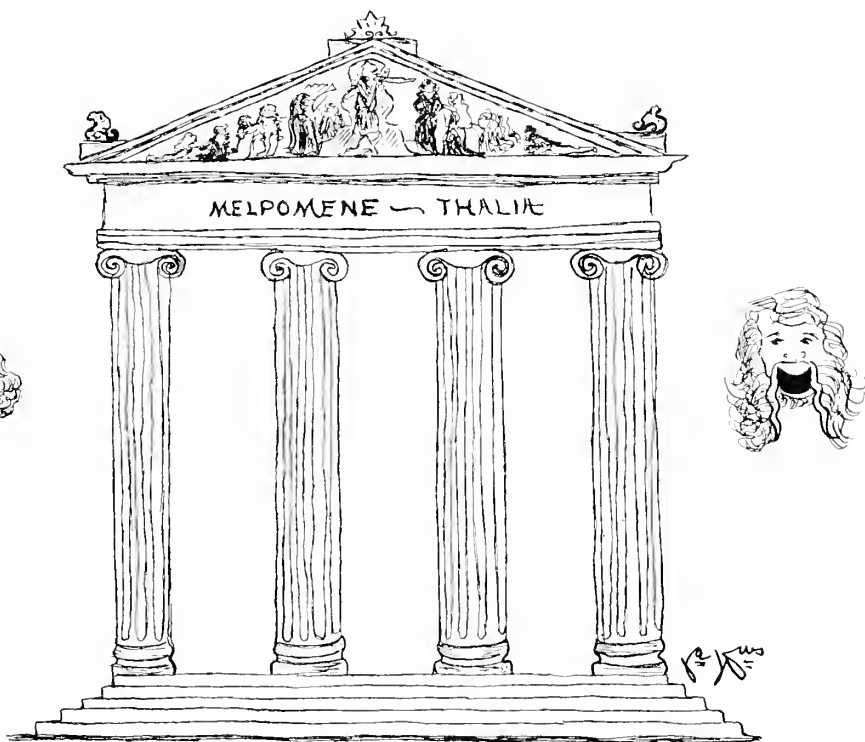


Junior-Senior Reception

AT eight o'clock on Wednesday, May 24, 1922, an expectant crowd of Seniors assembled in the halls of the High School. The Study Hall was beautifully decorated, carrying out the color scheme of orange and garnet, those being the Senior Class colors. Everybody was given a card with a letter of the alphabet on it. Quite a bit of excitement resulted in matching cards in order to find who would be partners. Having found partners, the Grand March was the opening act of the evening pleasure. The leaders most cheerfully led us over the whole building, finally leading us into the hall of the basement, which was most delightfully converted into a dining room. The color scheme of red and white was very artistically carried out. The menu of the banquet was most elaborate and it was charmingly served. Miss Pearl Goldsmith acted as toastmistress. A response on behalf of the graduates was made by Mr. Alwyn Hundley, vice-president of the Senior Class. Other guests responding were Mr. E. F. Birkhead, Superintendent of Schools; Mr. A. L. Link, Mr. J. M. Steck, Mrs. C. I. Williams, Mrs. Elsie Rice, Miss Mary Rice and Mrs. Elizabeth Courtney.

Following the banquet everybody returned to the Study Hall and there enjoyed various forms of entertainment. The most enjoyed, probably, was the square dancing, led by Dr. R. N. Lanier. These amusements were indulged in until eleven o'clock, when partners were asked to form in line, preparatory to marching again. But this time we were led direct to the dining hall, where ice cream and cake were most deliciously served. And thus the delightful occasion ended.

CAMILLA MOODY.





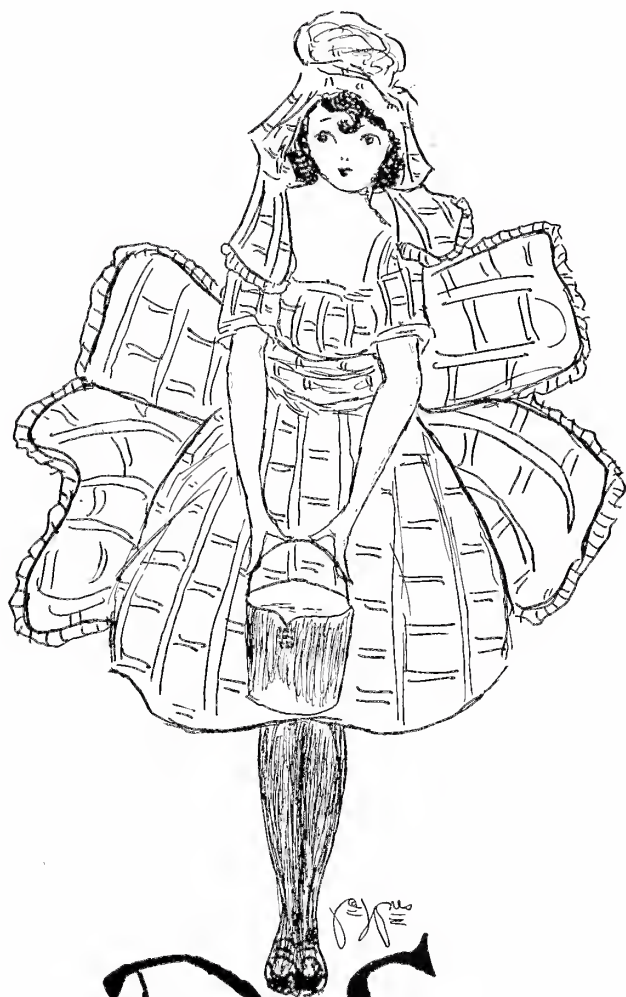
Dramatics

THE students of Fredericksburg High School have shown unusual ability in dramatics this year. The first of their series of entertainments was the Senior play, entitled "Next Door," which proved a great success.

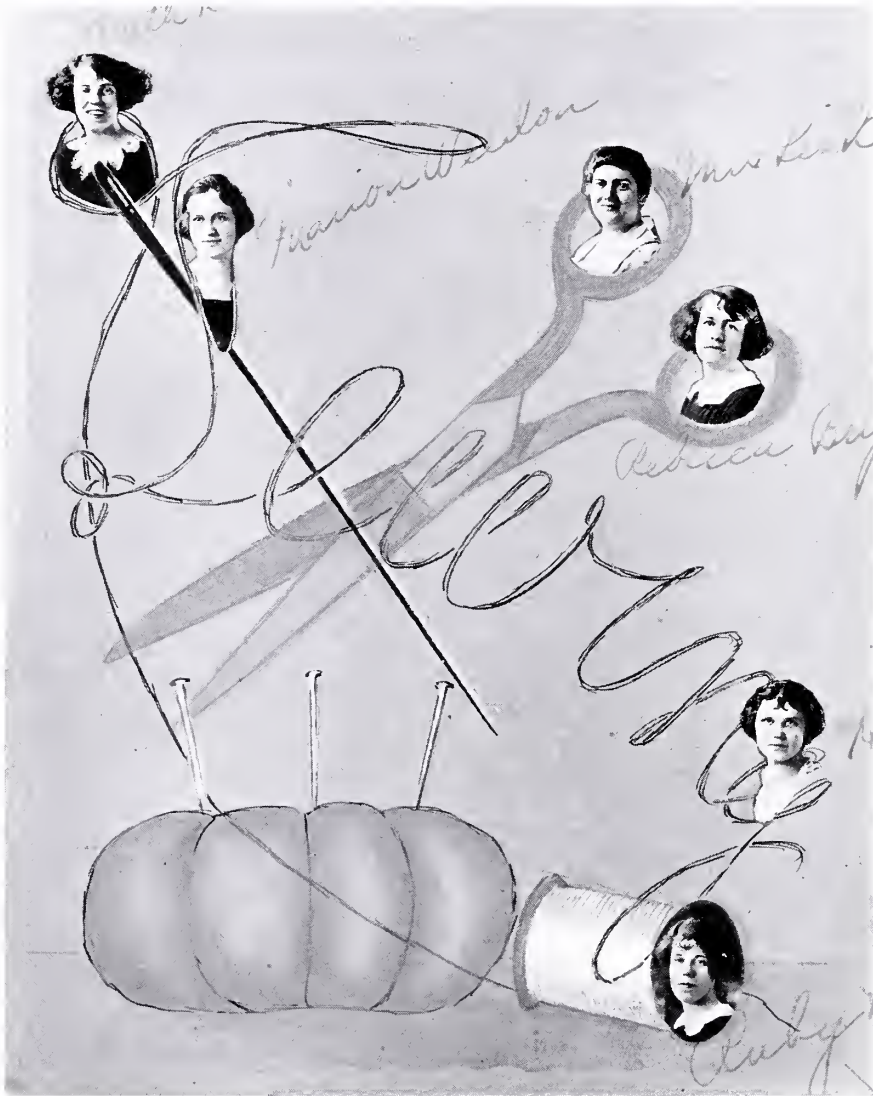
Mr. A. P. Link directed and staged the play, and much credit is due him for the success of it.

"Next Door" is a comedy in three acts. The play has to do with Professor Courtney Martin (Norman Allen), who rented a cottage and has moved in; in the meantime Mrs. Thornton (Camilla Moody) rents the same cottage from another agent. She, her niece, Betty Armstead (Rebecca Briggs) and her servant Orange (Pearl Huffman) arrive while Professor Martin and chums Will Webster (Alwyn Hundley) and George Chester (Kenneth Dice) are out. They return and discover that Mrs. Thornton has taken possession. At a suggestion the house is divided. Mrs. Thornton's niece, Alice Armstead (Hildah Brauer) and her friend Kathleen Covington (Virginia Williams) arrive a week earlier than expected. Here Alice meets Chester whom she has known before and Kathleen falls in love with Webster. Fred Harper (Irving Gallant) comes to call on Professor Courtney Martin. While there Professor Martin explains to Harper that he is trying to write a love story. Harper tells him to ask Betty to help him with the love passages, which he does. Kathleen and Webster quarrel—Alice decides to abandon her professional career. The cottage is deserted.

Six months later Mrs. Thornton is back in her town home. The guests arrive for Betty's birthday party. By a clever scheme Professor Martin succeeds in getting all the guests in the music room in order that he may be alone with Betty. He pays Orange to not let any one in, but in spite of this he is interrupted several times. Professor Martin's love story reaches a climax. Orange tells Mrs. Thornton that she will stay with her ever afterwards, being as the girls are all marrying the men that live "Next Door."



D.S.



Third Year Household Arts

WE five Seniors had the honor of being the first class of Third Year Sewing ever taught in F. H. S. And taking advantage of that privilege, we set to work to make ourselves worthy of such an honor. So with Mrs. Link as our faithful loving companion (for such she was to us all), we went joyfully through our Senior Year; each day looking forward with pleasure to those two periods in which we took sewing.



Second Year Household Arts

DORIS CARNEAL	Most Business Like
JOSIE CARNEAL	Most Pessimistic
FRANCIS CARPENTER	Vampiest
ARNEDA ELLIS	Meekiest
KATHLEEN GOODLOE	Wisest
HELEN HALLBERG	Babyist
PEARL HOFFMAN	Dryest
MARION MARSHALL	Noisest
ERNESTINE PAYNE	Most Independent
CATHARINE PERRY	Funniest
ALLIE PRITCHETT	Tallest
JOHN RUFF	Quietest
VIRGINIA WILLIAMS	Laziest



First Year Household Arts

GERALDINE ANDERSON

BELLE BENNETT

VIRGINIA BISCOE

INEZ BURTON

VIVIAN CUSSONS

SUSIE EMBREY

MURIAL EULISS

PEARL GOLDSMITH

VIRGINIA GOULDMAN

ANNA PAIGE GREEN

SUSIE GREENLAW

HELEN HEARN

GRACE LEVY

MARY LIMBERICK

ADA MASTERS

MABLE OWENS

LIZABETH PAYNE

NANCY PAYNE

GRACE SATTERWHITE

FLORENCE SCOTT

MARGARET TINDER

SARAH WILCOX

VIRGINIA WILLIAMS

ROSE YOUNG



ATHLETICS. [GIRLS]



Girls' Basket Ball

C.—CAMILLA MOODY

R. F.—RUTH DILLARD (*Captain*) S. C.—CATHERINE PERRY

R. G.—RUBY DILLARD (*Mgr.*)

L. F.—ESTHER CHINN

L. G.—LOUISE PEYTON

Substitute—VIRGINIA WILLIAMS

IN spite of the difficulty of not having a gymnasium in which to practice and the finances with which to back our team, the girl's varsity team of 1921-22 started out with a determination to win.

At each game they were admired by the audience for their team work and fighting spirit. If the game was lost it did not dampen their spirit, but a better one was in store for the next.

Although they were always overcome by other teams in weight, they were the equal in skill and pep.

The team of 1921-22 is leaving two of their players to star on the 1923 team.



Girls' Interclass Basket Ball Team

FOR the development of the girl's basket-ball material an Interclass Basket-ball League was organized in November, 1921.

Through the efforts of this league the fundamentals of the game thus assured new material for our future teams.

Credit must be given to Mr. Goldsmith, who, being in hearty sympathy with the school activities, gave a large silver loving cup. Upon this cup will be engraved the name of the class winning the league championship.

The following teams participated:

Seniors

RUTH DILLARD (R. F.)
CAMILLA MOODY (Center)
KATHRYN HOOPER (L. F.)
VIRGINIA WILLIAMS (S. C.)
RUBY DILLARD (R. G.)
LOUISE PEYTON (Capt.)

Juniors

MABEL OWENS (R. F.)
ESTHER CHINN (Capt.)
CATHERINE PERRY (Center)
EDITH JANNEY (S. C.)
DOROTHY WALKER (R. G.)
VIRGINIA BISCOE (L. G.)

Sophomores

HELEN HEARN (Captain)
GERALDINE ANDERSON (L. F.)
BELLE BENNETT (R. G.)
SUSIE GREENLAW (L. G.)
ANNE SHEPHERD (Center)
MURIAL EULISS (S. C.)

Freshmen

JULIA TROLAN (Captain)
MAUDE BERRY (L. F.)
DOROTHY MAY (R. G.)
VIRGINIA MELTON (L. G.)
VIRGINIA STEVENS (Center)
ALICE SCOTT (S. C.)

Substitutes

KATE GOULDIN
PEARL HUFFMAN

ANNETTE COMPTON
BETTY BILLINGSLEY

FANNIE SCOTT
NANNIE GRAY



Do You Think the Time Will Ever Come When—

1. Jim will grow tired of saying "Wipe your feet?"
2. Grass will grow on our High School lawn?
3. Edith Janney isn't laughing?
4. Emmett Thompson is sitting still?
5. William Rowe isn't hungry?
6. Charles isn't trying to be cute?
7. Elizabeth will stop being Young?
8. Every one is brilliant in the Senior Class?
9. Nellie Herndon's hair is straight?
10. Ruth Dillard isn't acting like a nut?
11. Charles will grow an inch?
12. Camilla isn't arguing?
13. Norman puts on long pants?
14. Grace Levy is in a hurry?
15. You find an easy exam. at F. H. S.?
16. Ruby will learn to sing?
17. They do not sing "Yield not to temptation?"
18. Miss Johnson will stop wearing brown?
19. Mr. Link can find his roll book?
20. Mrs. Courtney will stop giving pop written lessons?
21. You can dance in High School?
22. The team will win every game?
23. The study hall is absolutely quiet?
24. Rebecca will stop saying "It's perfectly darling?"
25. Mr. Birkhead isn't smiling?
26. Wm. Russell doesn't like "Pep?"
27. The third year sewing girls will own a pair of scissors?
28. Marion Weedon isn't smart?
29. "Hans" and "Fritz" are not together?
30. Mrs. Williams doesn't assign a long lesson?
31. The Sophomores aren't jealous of the Seniors?
32. The '21 Annual debt is paid?
33. The football team is satisfied?
34. James Franklin is ambitious?
35. The Senior Class of '22 will ever receive their diplomas?



ATHLETICS [BOYS]



Football

AROUND a nucleus of the three 1920 letter men, the team was formed of all inexperienced players. In comparison with our opponents our team ranked very much lighter in weight.

Being handicapped by a lack of players and a field in which to practice, much credit must be given to the hard efforts of the team as a whole. We may rest assured that this experience, however, will be of much importance for our 1922 team.

The following was the line-up of the team:

1. C. W.—ROWE
2. R. G.—ASHLEIGH
3. L. G.—GREENLAW
4. R. T.—GALLANT

5. L. T.—DICE
6. R. E.—T. WILSON
7. L. E.—C. ROWE
8. R. H.—COATES

9. L. H.—HUNDLEY (Captain)
10. Q. B.—F. WILSON
11. F. B.—DILLON

Substitutes—MCCOY, KOEPPEN, GAYLE.

For the coming season we wish to announce the District Championship schedule as follows:

<i>Date</i>	<i>Team</i>	<i>Place</i>	
October 6	Manassas	Manassas	..
October 14	Leesburg	Alexandria	
October 20	Culpeper	Fredericksburg	
October 28	Warrenton	Warrenton	
November 3	George Mason	Fredericksburg	
November 11	Alexandria	Fredericksburg	



Baseball

THE baseball of 1922 had a very successful season, winning a large number of the games played. The team was composed mostly of inexperienced players nevertheless the team put up a fine showing against larger and more experienced teams.

Fredericksburg being in the District High School Baseball League, the team fought very hard to win the district championship, but the efforts were futile.

LINE-UP

DILLON, p. (*Captain*)
HUNDLEY, p.
DAVIS, c.
JENKINS, c.

BURTON, 1b.
GARRETT, 2b
CRISMOND, ss.
SULLIVAN, lf.

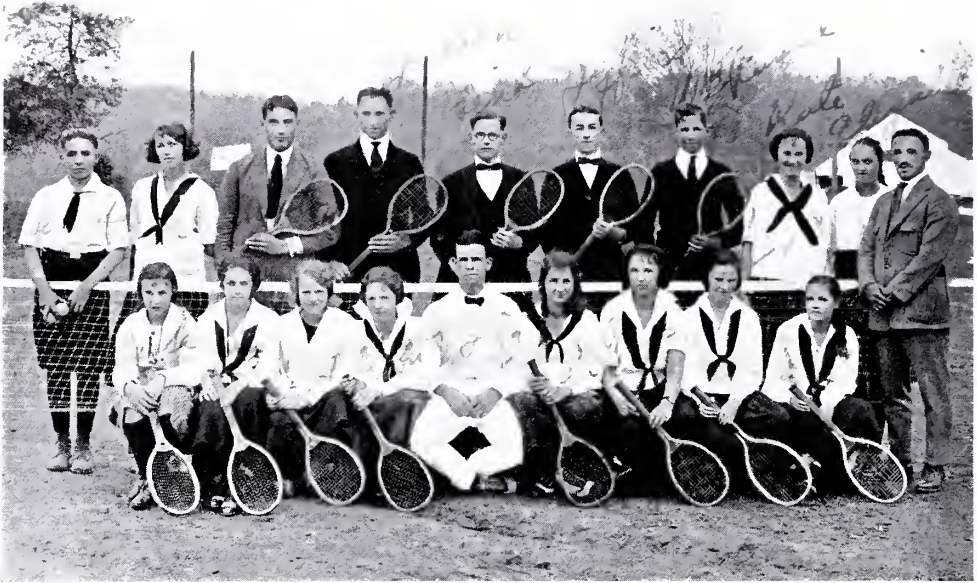
PEYTON, 3b

RICKER, cf.
ROWE, rf.
CURTIS, lf.
FREEMAN, rf.

SCORES

F. H. S., 6; White Oak, 6.
F. H. S., 1; Sparta H. S., 12.
F. H. S., 3; Alexandria, 2.
F. H. S., 1; Culpeper, 3.
F. H. S., 2; Ashland, 5.
F. H. S., 9; White Oak, 7.

F. H. S., 9; Orange, 8.
F. H. S., 4; Warrenton, 3.
F. H. S., 2; Orange, 14.
F. H. S., 1; Geo. Mason, 8.
F. H. S., 8; Ashland, 7.
F. H. S., 17; Alexandria, 0.



TENNIS CLUB



"F" CLUB



"F" Club

AT a very enthusiastic meeting of the members of the High School Athletic Association, who gained their letters, the following students were elected as officers of the club which was organized:

President JOHN BILLINGSLEY
 Vice-President LOUISE PEYTON
 Secretary VIRGINIA WILLIAMS

This club was formed for the purpose of stimulating new interest in athletics in the High School.

WEARERS OF THE LETTER "F."

<i>Names</i>	<i>Football</i>	<i>Baseball</i>	<i>Basket-ball</i>
*Ashleigh "Ox"	1
*Billingsley "Runt"	1
Coates "Reddy"	1	1
*Chinn "Chin"	1
*Crismond "Criz"	1
Dice "Crappy"	2
*Dillard "Ruffus"	3
*Dillard "Rube" B. S.	3
*Dillon "Dill"	1
*Greenlaw "Pickle"	1
*Gayle "Goal"	1
Gallant "Donk"	1	1
Hundley "It"	2	1	1
Koeppen "Kope"	1	1
*Morrison "Shake"	1
*Moody "Turtle"	1
*Peyton "Lu"	2
*Perry "Chief"	1
*Rowe "Laz"	1	1
Rowe "Bill"	2
*Sullivan "Monk"	1	1
Wilson "Winkie"	2	1
Wilson "Trampie"	2	1	1
*Williams "Spizy"	1
*Bourne "Figs"	1

*Members of the present club.



Athletic Association

*"Alone we do little,
Together we do much."*

OFFICERS

Boys' Division

W. ROWE	President
A. HUNDLEY	Vice-President
T. WILSON	Secretary
F. WILSON	Treasurer

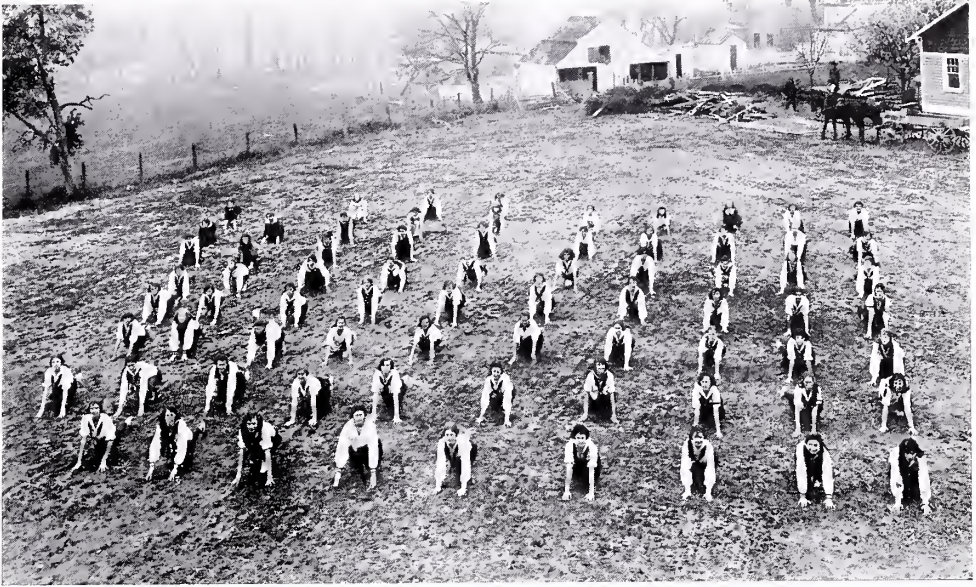
Girls' Division

RUTH DILLARD	President
RUBY DILLARD	Vice-President
M. WEEDON	Secretary
C. MOODY	Treasurer

OUR association has taken this for its slogan and we have certainly proven the truth of it.

The association was organized in the early fall and was later divided into two divisions for a membership campaign. "The Wild Cats," under the leadership of Ruth Dillard, and "The Bear Cats," under the leadership of W. Rowe. Two-thirds of the school was enlisted under this campaign and membership cards were secured. These saved the members the full expense of all football, basket-ball and baseball games.

This association was a big factor in fostering clean and wholesome athletics for the whole school.





"Hi-Y"

THE "HI-Y" Club was organized February 16, 1922, under the supervision of physical director, Mr. M. M. Manger. The following officers were elected:

JOHN BILLINGSLEY	President
HARRY DILLON	First Vice-President
HOUSTON JONES	Second Vice-President
CARTER ROWE	Secretary
GRAFTON GREENLAW	Treasurer

Meetings were held every other Thursday at 6 P. M., when supper was served by some of the High School faculty and girls.

The "HI-Y" Club is an organization to which thousands of High School boys throughout the United States belong. This federation is known as the secondary Schoolboy's Christian Movement of the Y. M. C. A. The Club is an organization, by the boys, of the boys and for the boys, of the three upper classes in High School.

The purpose of the HI-Y organization is to create, maintain and extend throughout the school and community high standards of Christian character. The slogan is "Clean living," "Clean speech," "Clean athletics," and "Clean scholarship."

The principal activity of our "HI-Y" was the study of the Bible, which was conducted by different ministers of the city. Interesting talks by men worthwhile was another benefit for the boys.

The "HI-Y" Club has been an asset to the school and to the members especially.



Rastus' Experience

*Rastus was a little boy
He had a dark complexion
And when he looked into a glass
He made a dark reflection.*

*One day while going down the street
He saw a little white girl
Sa's Rastus jes to be dat white
I'd gib the 'hole, wide world.*

*Then Rastus to his home does go
To see if he might make
His color like that little girl's
By something he might take.*

*He grabs it up and out the door
He goes, just like a flash,
For if An't Dinah catches him
There sure will be a clash.*

*And on the kitchen table
He finds into a pan
A lot of nice white buttermilk
The best thing then at hand.*

*He goes into an alley near
And there he drinks it down
And then he stands before a glass
To see the change come 'round.*

*And low he waits and still he waits
But low, no change takes place,
But on the other hand, he gets
Still darker in the face.*

*"Dis here won't do," poor Rastus sa's,
"I'se gwinn from bad to wuss;
I'll trise another rimidy
I'd ought have tried at fust.*



*So home he goes, and there he gets
A pound of snow-white lard,
For this will surely make the change
For which he tried so hard.*

*He takes the lard and greezes himself
That it might make the change,
But when he rubs it in his skin
The whiteness all does wand.*

*Now Rastus see the grave mistake,
Which he has thus done made,
By trying to make his dark complexion
To a snow-white fade.*

*Then Rastus from the house does hear,
A call, 'tis Rastus, Rastus, Rastus;
'Tis then and there he hears the call
That is to him disasterous.*

*When to the house he does arrive,
This question she does ask him:
"Why did ye tak' dat milk an' lard
Widout permission asking"?*

*But still he knows that he must go,
So to the house he goes
To meet An't Dinah face to face,
And pay the debt he owes.*

*He did not dare to answer her,
Nor yet to tell the reason why?
He simply stood before her,
And gazed into her eyes.*

*She stepped into the bedroom
And got a slipper new,
And Rastus he began to hope,
But, Oh, his hopes were few.*

*The remainder of this story
I will not relate to you,
But Rastus' pains were many
And his joys very few.*

*There's a moral in this story,
Which everyone should know—
Be satisfied with what you have,
And do not wish for more.*

Composed by —NORMAN E. ALLEN.



HUMOR



Humor

Elizabeth Young: "Houston, what happened in 1492?"

Houston Jones: "St. Augustine was founded".

Mr. Birckhead (giving a lecture on cotton): "None of you boys have any on that I can see".

Harold Green (just waking up): "What is it Mr. Birckhead, underwear?"

Mr. Link: "Louise why is that wrong?"

Louise: "Its wrong because it's not right".

Mrs. Courtney: "Alice what are you reading?"

Alice (with guilty conscience): "Chewing gum".

Muriel: "John will you give a dime to help get Mrs. Williams some flowers?"

John Billingsley: "When did she die?"

Mr. Link: "What case is that word in?"

Elizabeth Young: "That word is in a noun because its the object of the sentence".

Mrs. Williams: "I wish the Caesar class would stop laughing, I believe you have the monopoly on giggles".

Mr. Link: "Alwyn give me a well known proverb?"

Alwyn: "It is painful for some people to think".

Mr. Link's Favorite Riddle: "What is it that women have more of than men?"

Answer: "Intuition".

Mr. Link: "Kate you may pick out your assistant editor for the 'Rapahanoc' staff".

Kate: "I'll take Helen Hallberg".

Pep Williams: "Oh! she'll never do, she's got too bad a cold".

Virginia: "Who were Adam and Eve's children?"

Vivian: "Cain and Bell".

Mr. Link: "Some of our greatest writers were nonskulls in High School".

Ruth: "Maybe there's some chance for our Senior Boys".

Elizabeth Dillard to Ruth: "What does Mrs. Williams look like?"

Ruth: "Come on in Caesar and I'll tell you".



Grafton to Carter Rowe (Carter studying Geometry): "Why have you got that string on your finger for?"

Carter: "So I can remember Geometry".

Jeffries Chewing: "Mrs. Williams has Pompey ever been vaccinated?"

Mr. Link (in English class discussing manners): "Suppose a woman sat in front of you at the movies with a great big tam-o-shanter with a plume six feet long".

Annette (talking about the Japanese children): "When they fail on exams it is said that they commit suicide".

An inattentive listener: "Well, I would have to be a cat with nine lives to live in Japan".

POETRY AS WRITTEN BY KATE

When this little poem was written,
Dashed off with a reckless pen—
Ah who could see, what the future would be?
For Adolph was not with us then.

But all good things must end, you see,
The longest of lanes have a turning,
We feel and we fear, that disaster is near,
And the midnight oils we're burning.

To be the Graduating Class of '22,
Was the hope that kept us alive,
But if pep gives us pluck and God gives us luck,
We may be that of '85.

A SENIOR'S PRAYER

Make me more intelligent, oh my soul,
As the examinations roll,
Make my memory better than the past,
Make each exam easier than the last;
Keep me not from graduating with the class,
Give me a Diploma, at last.

Lucy (while coloring whipped cream for the Senior-Junior party): "Mrs. Link don't use that, it looks like *Parish Green*."

Mr. Steck: "Marion, can you tell me why moth balls evaporate?"

Marion: "The moths eat them."

Reverend Gilmore (at Hi-Y. banquet): "You boys ought to be so proud of this beautiful building with its wonderful 'gym'?"

Mr. Manger: "We are mighty proud of our high school, but the only *Jim* we have is the janitor".



Mrs. Williams: "Give an English word derived from the Latin word 'post'".
Bill Rowe: "Post Toasties".

Mr. Steck (in physics): "Who invented the steam engine?"
Everett King: "What?" (Watt).
Mr. Steck: "Correct".

An item from Elizabeth Young's history examination:
 "And the United States to keep from being ruined, had to start manufacturing herself".

Junior's idea of syllogism:
 "Biscuits will make me ill if they are heavy;
 These biscuits are biscuits;
 Therefore, the biscuits will make me ill because they are heavy."

Mr. Link: "Edward, what do we mean by Spenserian Stanzer?"
Edward Gouldine: "A Spenserian Stanzer is one that has eight lines of ordinary verse and two lines of extra ordinary".

Mrs. Courtney (Calling roll): "Where is Hilda?"
Annette: "She's sick".
Mrs. Courtney: "Is Kenneth sick too?"

Mrs. Williams (to misbehaving Caesar class): "If another one of you boys speak a word I'll make you stay in ten minutes after school".

Mrs. Courtney (in Civics class): "How many of you here are absent?" And she wondered why the class laughed.

Visitor (on viewing the scenery from the High School): "Is the G. and H. in operation now?"

Disquested Freshman: "That ain't no hospital."

Edward Gouldin: "Wheeler Thompson broke his left hand collar bone."

Marion Weedon (after seeing "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse"): "Don't you hate Germans?"

Ruth: "I sure do, I can't trace my ancestors any further back than Adam and Eve, but thank goodness they were both Americans."

Mr. Manger (in First Aid class): "If the lungs are not used to their fullest capacity, nature will take them away."

Jeff C. (modishly): "Does that apply to lips?"

Jeff C.: "So you didn't enjoy Hamlet?"

Pep: "No, the costumes were too old-fashioned."



Mr. Link: "You cannot live the rest of the day, Carroll, without using the verb 'to be,' now decline it."

Carroll: "Well I guess I'll die right here then."

Mr. Steck: "Freeman, you answer that question."

Elizabeth: "Cross answered it."

Mr. Steck: "Elizabeth, when did you change your name? We would like to extend our congratulations."

I

Once upon an evening dreary, while we pondered weak and weary,
Over many an old and much used receipt from forgotten lore;
While we labored, nearly weeping, suddenly we jumped up leaping,
For some one was gently rapping, rapping at the kitchen door.
"It is Grafton," we muttered, "tapping at our kitchen door.
We can send him to the store."

II

Ah distinctly we did order him to get some *vishy* water,
And after many weary hours, came back to our door;
Eagerly he had searched the town, vainly he had been turned down;
On his face the look of sorrow—sorrow for that unfilled order,
For that rare and brilliant Grafton, whom we had sent for *vishy* water,
Had asked for????—*FISHY WATER*.

Mr. Manger: "Didn't I tell that front line to keep quiet?"

Ruby D.: "I declare, Mr. Manger, that line hasn't spoken a word."

Kate (acting as chairman in one of the Seniors' debates): "The Judges may now retire and write their slips of paper on their decisions."

Mrs. Courtney: "With what did the Revolutionary war close?"

Andrew Bowling: "With the "DECLARATION of INDEPENDENCE."

Mr. Link: "What does Homo mean?"

Duff Green: "Man."

Mr. Link: "What kind of a man?"

Duff: "A masculine man."

Mrs. Euliss: "George, why are animals not dependant upon sun-light?"

George: "They are dependant on sun-light."

Mrs. Euliss: "How about the ones in the deep sea?"

George: "Oh, they are fish."



Mr. Steck: "Marion, what word do you see in elastic?"

Marion: "Rubber."

Mr. Link (to class): "How many of you have ever read 'To A Field Mouse'?"

Elizabeth Young (innocently): "How do you make them listen?"

Carter Rowe (at the movie ticket office): "Say, how much is it for me to go in?"

Lady: "Twenty Cents."

Carter: "Then give me a second-hand ticket, please."

Conversation carried on in study hall by two pupils:

First Pupil: "Margaret, see if Washington Irving is over there, please."

Second Pupil: "What do you want him for?"

First Pupil: "I want him to lend me his 'Sketch Book'."

Mrs. Euliss: "Edgar, how many meals a day do you have?"

Edgar: "Three."

Mrs. Euliss: "What meal do you have in the morning?"

Edgar: "Oatmeal."

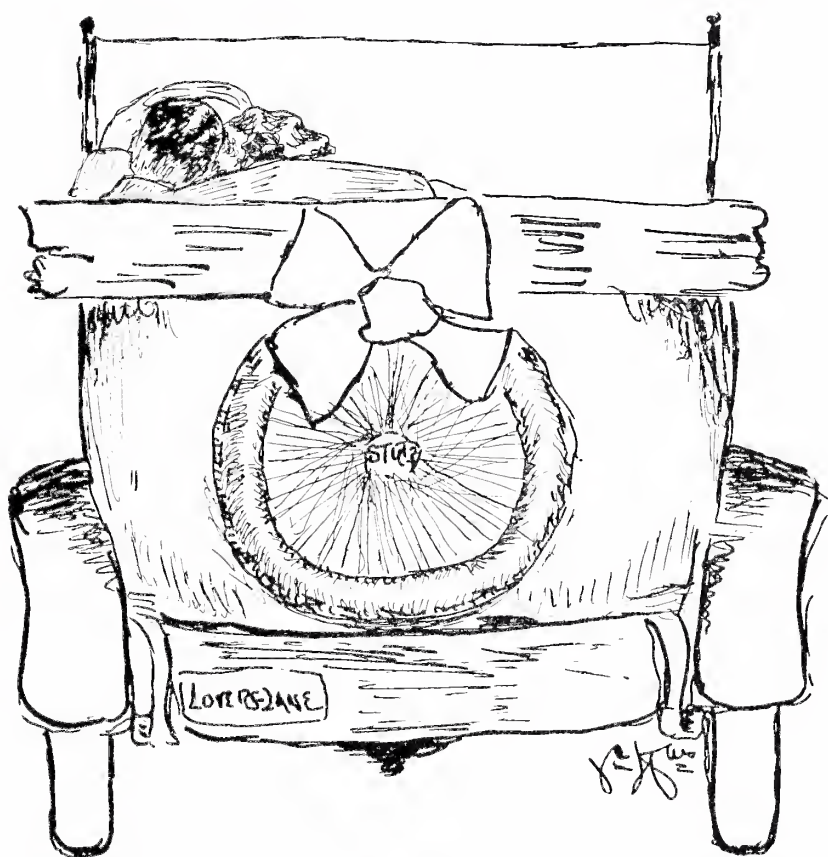
Mr. Link (in distress): "Edgar, if your head was cut down to fit your brains, a thimble would make you a good hat."

Mr. Birckhead (to Raymond Sullivan): "If gravity wasn't on the earth, what would happen?"

Raymond: "You would fly up and bump your head."

Katherine Perry: "Where is Mr. Manger?"

Helen Hallburg: He is down stairs on the tennis racket."



GLWNNC...



Alumni Notes

SERVICE! One often wonders just what the term implies, and yet, as we review the history of the lives of the graduates of old F. H. S. since the early days we begin to see the true meaning. Every group that has passed from the influence of our inspiring instructors has been ennobled by the spirit of service, and today you will find them living up to their motto, though they be butchers or bakers or candlestick makers.

THOSE WHO ARE SERVING COFFEE FOR BREAKFAST

Alice Middleton Snyder, '11, Newport News, Va.
 Mable McCaully Patrick, '11, Norfolk, Va.
 Kathleen Dannehl Andrews, '11 (Associated Member), Oak Park, Ill.
 Miriam Carper Clark, '12, Fredericksburg, Va.
 Elizabeth Ninde Bryan, '13 (Feb.), Richmond, Va.
 Margaret Sacrey Freeman, '13 (Feb.), Fredericksburg, Va.
 Elsie Wood Rice, '13 (Feb.), Fredericksburg, Va.
 Florence Smith Clarke, '13 (Feb.), Fredericksburg, Va.
 Sarah Gouldman McAllister, '13 (June), Washington, D. C.
 Ruth Clarke Lupton, '13 (June), Stafford, Va.
 Dorothy Freeman Melville, '14, Sykesville, Md.
 Katherine Carper Parcell, '14, Fredericksburg, Va.
 Mae Hundley Wood, '14, Norfolk, Va.
 Leah Armstrong Anderson, '16, Salt Lake City, Utah.
 Lena Bonner Shinn, '16, New Castle, Penn.
 Jeanette McCaully Sharp, '16, Emporia, Va.
 Evelyn Garnett Johnson, San Domingo.
 Theodoria Hill Young, '17, Fredericksburg, Va.
 Jeanette Jefferson Scott, '17, Fredericksburg, Va.
 Louise Rixey Gilliam, '17, Waverly, Va.



Christine Carner Lightner, '18, Falmouth, Va.
Lulu Payne Shelton, '18, Stafford, Va.
Genevive Bailey Rowe, '19, Fredericksburg, Va.
Tacie Carner Parker, '20, New Orleans, La.
Nellie Armstrong Hearn, '18, Fredericksburg, Va.

THOSE WHO ARE SERVING UNCLE SAM

Mercer Limerick, '12, Fredericksburg, Va.
Andrew Smith, '12, Fort Benning, Va.
Charles Hudson, '15, Fort Benning, Ga.
Barnard Genther, '18, Fredericksburg, Va.
Doshia Boxley, '18, Fredericksburg, Va.

THOSE WHO ARE SERVING "PERNIN" AND "GREGG"

Frances Tompkins, '14, Chichester & Co., Fredericksburg, Va.
Elsie Carner, '15, Richmond, Va.
Grace Carner, '16, Richmond, Va.
Gladys Nash, '16, Metal Egg Crate Co., Fredericksburg, Va.
Rachel McGee, '17, Washington Woolen Mills, Fredericksburg, Va.
Alma Ricker, '17, Alexandria, Va.
Kate Aldridge, '17, Washington Woolen Mills, Fredericksburg, Va.
Mary Heflin, '18, Chamber of Commerce, Fredericksburg, Va.
Frances Proctor, '18, Wm. K. Goolrick, Fredericksburg, Va.
Nellie Hunter, '18, State Normal School, Fredericksburg, Va.
Elizabeth Dannehl, '18, C. O'Connor Goolrick, Fredericksburg, Va.
Doris E. Pates, '18, G. B. Wallace, Fredericksburg, Va.
Ermine King, '19, Richmond, Va.
Nora Pritchett, '19, Washington Woolen Mills, Fredericksburg, Va.
Dorothy Jaynes, '19, Chicago, Ill.
Flossie Bailey, '19, A. T. Embrey, Fredericksburg, Va.
Margaret Jefferson, '20, Botts & Co., Fredericksburg, Va.
Eleanor Ricker, '20, G. & H. Mfg. Co., Fredericksburg, Va.
Virginia Stone, '20, Washington Woolen Mills, Fredericksburg, Va.
Lucy Owens, '20, Fredericksburg, Va.



Elizabeth Sacrey, '21, L. F. Pierson, Fredericksburg, Va.
Ethel Halberg, '21, Farmers' Creamery, Fredericksburg, Va.
Mary Allison, '19, J. W. Masters, Fredericksburg, Va.
Muriel Nussey, '19, Farmers & Merchants Bank, Fredericksburg, Va.

THOSE WHO ARE SERVING "BREAD PILLS"

Elizabeth Russell, '13 (Feb.), Fredericksburg, Va.
Bernard Melton, '13 (June), Philadelphia, Pa.
Alice Stearns, '14, Johns-Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md.
Edna Sullivan, '19, Washington, D. C.
Josephine Ford, '20, Washington, D. C.
Nellie Leacock, '21, Washington, D. C.
Marguerite Hawkins, '21, Washington, D. C.
Eva Allen, '19, Washington, D. C.

THOSE WHO ARE SERVING THE THREE R.'S

Broddus Dillard, '12, V. M. I.
Pauline Perry, '11, Richmond, Va.
Ethel Nash, '12, Fredericksburg, Va.
Trese Dannehl, '13 (Feb.), Pontiac, Mich.
Lucille Rawlings, '13 (Feb.), North Carolina.
Elizabeth McDonnel, '13 (June).
Mamie Biscoe, '14, Arnold, Md.
Mary Rice, '14, Fredericksburg, Va.
Grace Harrison, '16, Norfolk, Va.
Edna Timberlake, '16, North Carolina.
Gertrude Brooks, '17, Falmouth, Va.
Pauline McGee, '17, Spotsylvania, Va.
Mary B. Russell, '17, Logan, W. Va.
Eleanor Pender, '18, Fredericksburg, Va.
Mary Hall, '18, Stafford, Va.
Olena Brooks, '18, Falmouth, Va.
Carolyn Dalton, '18, Fredericksburg, Va.
Mattie McCaulley, '19, Stafford, Va.



Pearl Bourne, '19, Stafford, Va.
Elizabeth Stearns, '19, Fredericksburg, Va.
Mattie Davis, '19, Fredericksburg, Va.

THOSE WHO SERVE IN COMMERCE

Josiah Rowe, '12, Rowe Insurance Co., City.
Eugene Ninde, '13 (June), Free Lance, Fredericksburg, Va.
Charles Rollins, '13 (June), Washington, D. C.
Henry Dannehl, '15, Quantico, Va.
Edward Biscoe, '16, Commercial State Bank, Fredericksburg, Va.
Edward Blake, '16, Accomac, Va.
Percy Embrey, '16, National Bank, City.
John Norris, '16, Mexico.
Hannon Norris, '16, New York, N. Y.
Joseph Rixey, '16 (Associated Member), C. W. Jones, City.
Carlton Carpenter, '17, American Express Co., City.
Mennis Gibson, '17, Philadelphia, Penn.
Loraine Pancoast, '17, Stafford, Va.
Robert Jacobs, '17, City.
Alvin Biscoe, '18, State Highway Commissioner, City.
Wm. Bernard, '18, Texas Oil Co., City.
Elmo Lightner, '18, R., F. & P., Quantico, Va.
Howard Smith, '18, R., F. & P. R. R., Quantico, Va.
Earnest Whitehouse, '20, T. N. Brent, City.
Arthur Smith, '20, Smith's Ice Factory, City.
Joseph Pancoast, '20, Stafford, Va.
George L. Hunter, '21, Spotsylvania Power Co., City.
Trent Wilson, '21, City.
Margaret Gouldman, '16, Dr. P. W. Hunter, Fredericksburg, Va.
Helen Strarns, '16, Fredericksburg Motor Co., City.
Ethel Embrey, '17, Spotsylvania Power Co., Fredericksburg, Va.
Nellie Cadot, '17, Quantico, Va.
Louise Martinzcek, '20, Dr. Cooke, Fredericksburg, Va.
Anne White, '20, Crown Oil Co., Fredericksburg, Va.



THOSE WHO ARE SERVING "EXTRA TIME"

Hugh Scott, '16, University of Virginia.
Franklin Koppen, '17, V. P. I.
Laurence Dickinson, '18, William and Mary.
Katherine Bond, '18, State Normal School.
Mary Bristow, '18, Westhampton College.
Virginia Adams, '18, Randolph-Macon.
Vernon Timberlake, '18, Peabody.
Elmer King, '19, North Carolina University.
John Russel, '19, V. P. I.
Irma Bell, '19, Sergents Physical Culture School.
Harold Cooke, '19, V. P. I.
Myrtle Biscoe, '20, State Normal School.
Olive Barry, '20, State Normal School.
Julia Decker, '20, Westhampton College.
Audrey Freeman, '20, Peabody.
Benjamin Whitehouse, '20, V. P. I.
Mary Lightner, '20, State Normal School.
Odell Rice, '20, V. M. I.
Henry Satterwhite, '20, V. P. I.
Robert Payne, '20, V. P. I.
Rose Ulman, '20, State Normal School.
Erwin Williams, '20, University of Virginia.
Marye Wheeler, '20, State Normal School.
Myrtle Wheeler, '20, State Normal School.
Sanford Ninde, '20, V. P. I.
Carter Harrison, '20, U. S. Naval Academy.
Charles Lewis, '20, University of Virginia.
Emeline Stearn, '21, Westhampton College.
Mabel King, '21, State Normal School.
Mary Shaddock, St. Edith's Convent.
Josephine Dalton, '21, State Normal School.
Bertha Whitbeck, '21, State Normal School.
Helen Hudson, '21, Westhampton College.
Ruth Gouldman, '21, State Normal School.
Lottie Gouldman, '21, State Normal School.



Eunice Gill, '21, Westhampton College.
Carl Happel, '21, University of Virginia.
Edward Melton, '21, V. P. I.
Coulter Phillips, '21, V. P. I.
Alvin Rowe, '21, University of Virginia.
John Chiles, '21, V. P. I.
Helen Hart, '21, State Normal School.
Julia Rowe, '21, Westhampton College.
Adelaide Rowe, '21, State Normal School.
Viola Curtis, '21, State Normal School.
Josephine Barney, '21, State Normal School.
Levin Houston, '21, V. M. I.
Imogene Carter, '21, State Normal School.
Virginia Nash, '21, State Normal School.

THOSE WHO ARE BEING SERVED

Jeanette Stofferegon, '17, Fredericksburg, Va.
Anne Ninde, '17, Fredericksburg, Va.
Vernon Dannehl, '18, Fredericksburg, Va.
Thelma Embrey, '19, Fredericksburg, Va.
Anne B. Gibson, '19, Fredericksburg, Va.
Constance Bernard, '20, Fredericksburg, Va.
Isabelle Bernard, '21, Fredericksburg, Va.
Lucy Ninde, '21, Fredericksburg, Va.

THOSE WHO ARE SERVING IN THE WORLD BEYOND

Mable Wood Reynolds, '18.

THOSE WHO ARE SERVING THEIR WANDERLUST

Lyddia Limerick, '13 (June); Fred Jones, '13 (June); Joseph Grainger, '15;
Bailey Grinnel, '15; Mary Charters, '15; Rachel Sullivan, '15; Bennie Burguss, '16;
Edmonia Randall, '16; Vernon Knight, '16; Gilbert Rollins, '17; Roland Padgett,
'18; Norman Luck, '18; Maud Gould, '20; Eleanor Purks, '21.

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To Whom It Most Concerns

A TRIP

TO relate all that happened on this trip would be an impossibility, because too many things happened, too much was said and done, to be written, but the remembrances of that trip will always be with those who took it. But—I hear my readers ask, “What trip?” “Who took this trip?”

Well, to begin with, “the trip” was the day on which a group of High School students, with teachers to guide, prepared to try their fortunes in the literary and athletic field offered by the University of Virginia. There were twelve—Mr. Bircckhead, Mr. and Mrs. Link, Ruth and Ruby Dillard, Rebecca Briggs, Mrs. Garrett and Lynwood Garrett, Houston Jones, Bill Rowe, Pearle Goldsmith and Camilla Moody, who had the great fortune of taking this trip.

At a suggestion of Mr. Link's, closely seconded by those concerned, it was decided to make the trip in cars instead of by train. As a result, we are indebted to Mrs. Garrett and Mr. Dillard for the use of their Buicks.

At 1:15 of the afternoon of Thursday, May 11th, the two Buicks, loaded with the “Adventurous Twelve” and plenty of “eats,” pulled out from old F. H. S., leaving behind them many who only wished to be one of that “Adventurous Twelve.” We journeyed on with few mishaps, excusing an occasional losing of a bag, to an ever grumble from Bill Rowe demanding something to eat. Having arrived at Orange, Mr. Bircckhead very generously “treated” us. Of course all (?) preferred banana splits. Scarcely had we left Orange before we were aware of mountains in the surrounding vicinity. The excitement was great, as only a few of the “Adventurous Twelve” had ever seen a mountain. Journeying on, one of the Buicks stopped on a sight-seeing trip at “Mount Athos,” while the other enjoyed the hospitality of “Sunlight.”



Nearing Charlottesville, all decided that something to eat would be first rate, so, stopping at a spot as described by Bill to be very "picturesque," an alarming portion of the lunch was quickly consumed.

About 8 P. M., we arrived at University, where we stopped at Madison Hall, but we were sent to Peabody Hall, where we were assigned our rooms. The boys were sent to the Barracks, which were in easy range of the "Stiff House." The girls were assigned to Driscoll's, where we found comfortable beds, but to our horror they were already occupied—'taint no matter the barracks were overcrowded?

Friday morning we awoke bright and early, and made a wild rush for the University cafeteria, where we found that twenty-five cents would buy all that even Mr. Birckhead or Bill Rowe could possibly desire.

The next thing that we have space to note is our trip to Monticello, where we were enhanced by the antique surroundings of Jefferson's day. We cannot leave out that on our return to University, we stopped about half-way down the mountain, at a spring long enough to eat lunch, but had to hurry in order to get to University in time to hear Lady Astor speak. Needless to say, we were charmed by her talk, especially as she harped on "Flappers," and we had *seven* along.

After having our likenesses taken (The Panorama Picture) came the nerve-racking time—namely, the literary contests. Our readers, Pearl and Bill, lost their first contest, beaten by Warren County and Staunton, who lost only in the finals. The debaters, Ruby and Camilla, lost in the semi-finals, having won over Hope-well and Blackstone, losing to Warren County, who lost only to Roanoke, who won the honors in the finals.

Being free to do as we pleased, we decided to see Charlottesville, and to our surprise, "moonshine" was far more plentiful than in Fredericksburg. A reminder to those that understand—"Something sinourway"?



We recall the generous efforts of the Fredericksburg boys attending the University, to show us a good time.

Saturday morning we attended the High School and Prep. Track Meet, in which three of the "Adventurous Twelve" participated, but Dame Fortune did not see fit to smile upon us that day.

As we wanted to visit Luray Cave by 10 o'clock Sunday morning, we decided to leave Charlottesville Saturday afternoon. But before leaving, Mr. Birckhead showed us the sights and sites of University.

Leaving Charlottesville, the most wonderful part of our trip was before us, the view between Charlottesville and Staunton. A point of interest was Lady Astor's old home; another was a beautiful residence, at one time the home of a German spy; and further on we passed a magnificent home of a *well known* actress, whose name we could not recall. Next came Dead Man's curve, which was on top of the highest mountain. There we stopped long enough to view the scenery, which—Ah!—we leave a blank—we cannot describe it! As we were going into Waynesboro, the "Adventurous Twelve" at last had a *real* adventure, for the Dillard's Buick was almost, but not quite, overtaken by a train—"WHEW"!

Arriving in Staunton and viewing the city, we passed a bunch of Stuart Hall girls, one of whom made a remark (not heard by the one whom it most concerned, namely the driver of the Dillard's car), which was "Look at that cute boy"!

We stopped at the Virginia Hotel, where we spent a very much more comfortable night than previously. But we cannot leave out about our supper at "Chris's Restaurant," where we ordered chicken salad, and had to wait for the chicken to be killed. The napkins were stationary (sewed to the table cloth); the sugar and salt were mixed, and the butter spread (?) owing to the ability of Ruth. After two hours, we left this *most modern* "restaurant."

The next morning about 5 o'clock, we were awakened by a loud knock on our doors by Mr. Birckhead, who informed us that we should be "up and doing."



As the clock struck 5:30, a very sleepy crowd said good-bye to Staunton. After traveling until we were famished, as usual Bill made us stop to eat.

But journeying on we arrived at Luray Cave about 10 o'clock. The "Adventurous Twelve" spent a very enjoyable and educational two hours in the Caverns.

Leaving Luray, we were disappointed to discover that mountains and beautiful scenery were seen less frequently. About 3 o'clock we stopped at Pumpkin Hill, a lovely place, where we rested, talked and had lunch. The main subject being "Flappers." We shall record Mr. Birkhead's definition, which was, "*just a modern flirt*," we had *six*, as Camilla was a "fickle flirt with flapper tendencies."

Upon arriving at Culpeper, our troubles began. To begin with, it started to rain—to continue, it *rained*—and to conclude—it *RAINED*. The roads were rivers, the rivers—well—*oceans*, and as for *bridges*—there just *weren't* any! When we reached Lignum, the good roads ceased and the red mud began. The Dillards had no chains, so they had to buy traces to tie around the wheels.

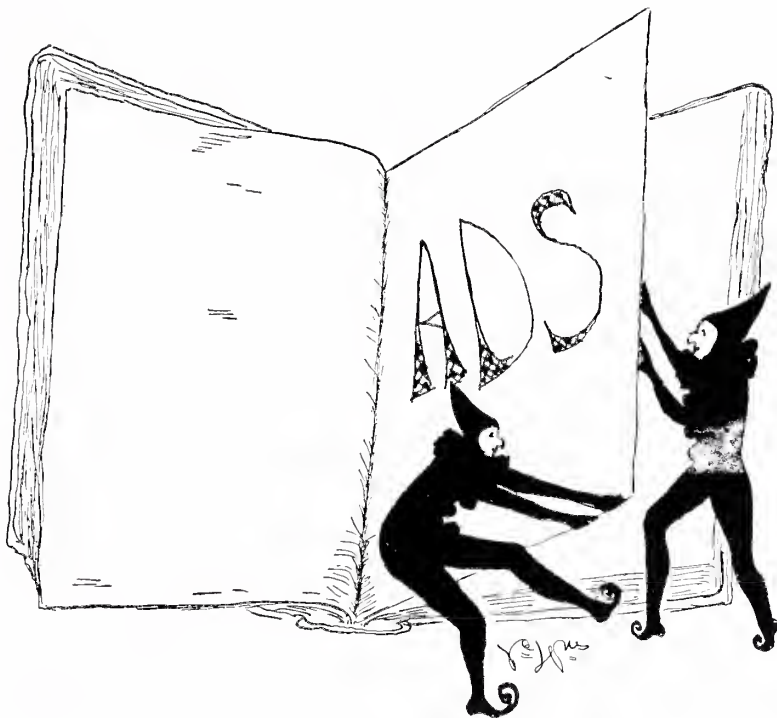
About two miles from Lignum, we discovered a risen creek and no bridge. It was then 7 P. M. and Mr. Link prophesied 10 o'clock as the appointed time to cross, as it had stopped raining by then, and the water was falling a certain percentage a minute, and it had to fall three feet (calculate the per cent yourself). We had nothing but cake to eat, and did cake ever taste so good?

At 10 P. M., with hopes flying and nerves dragging, we crossed the creek in safety, and after an awful two hours of getting stuck, bending fenders, pushing and pulling, we arrived at Wilderness, from which the sleepy crowd journeyed on in safety, reaching Fredericksburg about 2 A. M. Monday. So ended the joyful trip of the "Adventurous Twelve."

Will we ever forget the morning after the night before? Use discretion please, and consider the source.



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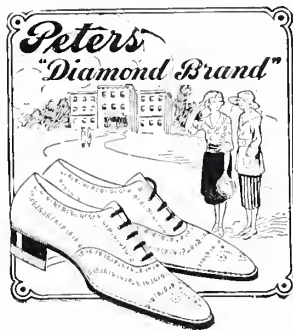
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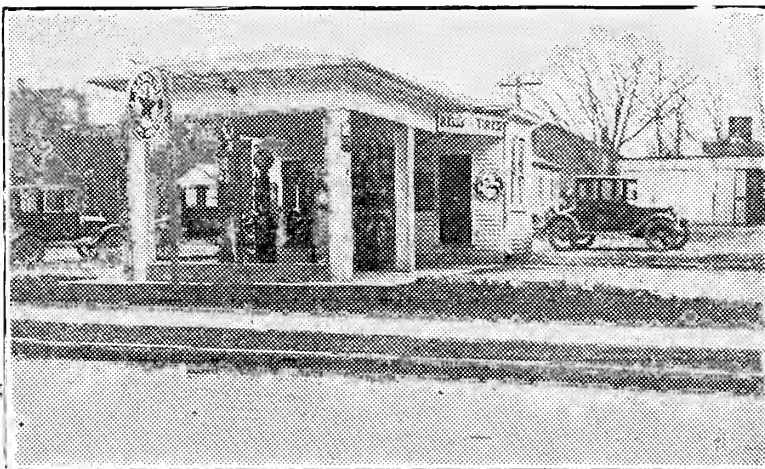
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